The Nation.

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The Week.

There was a cutting edge to the Governor's speech Friday night before the Hughes Alliance in this city. His main theme was direct nominations, which he urged as the best available means of making party government freer, purer, and stronger, and so capable of rendering the State better service. But Gov. Hughes's free handling of the bosses and the interests that are opposing his reforms was the thing that fills them with alarm as well as rage. It showed that he is out to fight them again on this issue, if need be, with all of his moral earnestness and formidable intellectual batteries. His speech was but a foretaste of the facts and arguments which he will lay before the people, if he has to make another campaign in order to apply a popular *vis a tergo* to a reluctant Legislature. His opponents will discover that he has not spoken without first taking thought. He has scrutinized the actual conditions. Last Friday night he let it be seen that he had looked into the political history of each Assembly District, for twenty years past. For the moment he contented himself with affirming, what everybody knows to be true, that whatever the present theory of party control, in reality the system of making nominations by delegates is nothing but a sham.

The hit boss flutters; and the gyrations of Raines and Barnes at Albany show where the Governor's shot struck. To get his opponents to speak out, is exactly what Mr. Hughes desires. He has nothing to dread from discussion. In a fair and free debate betore the people, there is no doubt that he will be sustained. The real thing he and his friends have to dread is, not the outspoken anger and antagonism of the bosses, but their secret machinations to defeat him while professing to favor his plans. We do not class Speaker Wadsworth with the selfish manipulators who think their power endangered by direct nominations. He seems to feel that the Governor's speech was somehow a reflection on the Assembly, and has come to its defence. They are, he says, a fine set of legislators, who have done excellent work for reform. Granted, but that has nothing to do with the question. All the objections that have been raised since the Governor's speech were really met in it by anticipation.

Winston Churchill is another of the militant political reformers who is strongly for the direct primary. Like ex-Senator Colby of New Jersey, he has fought the bosses, and occasionally been beaten by them, but is convinced that the readiest weapon against them is the open, the legalized, the direct and mandatory primary. Mr. Churchill writes to the Boston *Herald* of his recent investigation of the direct primary in several Western States. Defects and maladjustments are reported here and there, of course. The new law is nowhere an infallible plan of political salvation. But it has found great popular favor wherever it has been introduced, and no State that has tried the system now thinks of abandoning it. Mr. Churchill's survey of the field coincides with that which William Allen White made in a letter to Gov. Hughes, and confirms the latter's opinion that the movement for the direct primary is only the latest phase of the fight to wrest the control of government from selfish interests.

The loss of the Republic, after the gallant efforts to save her, came as a sharp disappointment. For the wonder of the wireless telegraph's achievement is not merely the summoning of aid from all directions, but the instantaneous reporting of this life and death struggle off Nantucket. The electric waves penetrated the mystery of both sea and fog and made the whole world witnesses of what, had there been a gale blowing, must have become one of the worst of the ocean's tragedies. It may, of course, be true that there would have been no additional loss of life had the Republic been without a wireless equipment. The Florida might have groped her way into port carrying her double load of passengers even with her bows smashed, as did the old Guion liner Alaska after ramming an iceberg in midocean, in the early eighties. But had the Florida herself gone down at once, the only recourse for the Republic's passengers would have been the boats. Then the wireless would have proved of the greatest value. Surely the fortunate conditions of sea and wind on Saturday will not blind any one to the necessity hereafter of equipping every passenger-carrying steamer with the wireless system. It should be made compulsory, like the carrying of side lights and the blowing of the whistle in fog.

The Senate adopted last week a resolution appropriating $50,000 for a preliminary survey of the proposed Lincoln highway from Washington to Gettysburg. The plan as urged by Senator Carter of Montana is to have a road 150 or 200 feet wide, all the way from the White House door to the battlefield at Gettysburg. Spaces along it would be set aside, here and there, so that "the States of this Union one after another would erect groups of statuary or monuments, which would make it one of the most historic drives on the globe." "Historic," however, is scarcely the word to characterize the resulting horror, should the States do over again what they have done in the Hall of Statuary in the Capitol. The terrible collection there has caused many an ardent patriot to despair of the republic. If any such grandiose project as the fifty-mile highway from Washington to Gettysburg be adopted, the argument for a unified artistic control, like that provided in the Council of Fine Arts just appointed by the President, is redoubled in force. If the scheme were left entirely to Congressional committees, the result would be certain to make foreign visitors echo Mérimée's wonder at what could be done with twenty millions and no taste. The Senators talked learnedly about making an Appian Way in the New World, though one of them, Mr. Gallinger of New Hampshire, confessed that he had only "a vague knowledge of the Appian Way." But none of them denied that there ought to be a suitable memorial to Lincoln in Washington itself. Such an one was provided for in the so-called Burnham plans for the beautification of

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Washington. But as that was worked out by competent artists, it naturally does not commend itself to Congress.

The House Committee on Military Affairs is not content with giving the War Department the right to employ 250 retired officers, and thus providing it with that portion of the 612 additional officers it asks for. By a passage in the Military Appropriation bill, it proposes to cut down the General Staff from forty-five to twenty officers by lopping off all the captains and half of the majors. The General Staff would then consist of four generals, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, and six majors, while twenty-five captains and majors would be returned to their regiments. This plan illustrates afresh the correctness of the committee's contention that the evils caused by absenteeism may be cured in various ways. At the same time, though, we believe with the committee that the General Staff will not be irrevocably injured by a reduction in numbers. A few of the captains may well be retained, with corresponding reductions elsewhere; for among the captains are to be found many able young officers whose minds are still flexible enough to profit greatly by their General Staff studies. That body has, however, been a disappointment to the army and to the public. To the latter, its chief function too often appears to be solely the demanding of more guns, men, and forts.

Intelligent peace talk was heard in the House last week, and the peace men stood up to be counted on more than one amendment to the naval bill. They were defeated, and the passage of the bill as reported is hailed as a triumph for the big-navy idea. The President can scarcely think so, after twice seeing Congress reject his impassioned plea for four battleships. Two "monsters" were voted by the House, and doubtless contractors are chuckling to each other: "Well, that was a good enough war with Japan to get the ships voted." One of the uses of adversity should be to make men reasonable. Tokio reduces the naval budget by 9,000,000 yen and the war budget in the same cool fashion, because economy is unavoidable. But Congress votes two more battleships, undisturbed by Mr. Tawney's prophecy of a deficit of $143,000,000 for next year. The convincing argument seems to have been that of Representative Hepburn of Iowa, who says that every generation of Americans has had its war; hence, it is reasonable to suppose that the next will, too, and so we must keep the shipyards busy.

In the general salary-raising proposed by Congress in the Legislative Appropriation Bill, the Federal judges are not forgotten. As reported by the Senate committee, the bill would make the salary of a district judge $8,000 a year, circuit judges $10,000, while the associate justices of the Supreme Court would receive $17,500 and the Chief Justice $18,000. These increases may seem large—40 per cent., roughly—but the resulting salaries would still be below those paid to judges in England. There the Lord Chancellor has about $50,000, the Master of the Rolls $30,000, justices of the King's Bench and Admiralty judges $25,000, and so on. This enables one to understand Bagehot's account of the ineffable satisfaction with which an English judge takes his appointment, remarking to himself: "Thank Heaven, I cannot be removed from this position except by an address from both houses of Parliament!" It will not do, however, to press the English comparison too closely. The Chancellorship is a great office of state, as well as a judgeship and the blue ribbon of the legal profession, so that the salary is not purely for judicial purposes. Moreover, the rewards of successful lawyers, together with the costs of litigation, are greater in England, on the average, than they are here. A fairer analogy is that between our highest Federal judges and those of the Supreme Court of New York, in this city. The latter have a salary of $17,500. It is made higher than that of other judges of the Supreme Court of this State, because of the obviously greater cost of living here. But, plainly, the same argument would apply to many Federal judges, notably to those of the Supreme Court. The expense of living in Washington must be nearly, if not quite, as great as in New York; and if the thing is to be argued on that basis, it would certainly seem that associate justices of our highest national court should be paid as much as a State judge in New York. It will be noticed that the Senate committee proposed to make the salaries of the two exactly equal.

Gov. Magoon's urgent recommendation that the wreck of the Maine be raised and removed from Havana, ought to be acted on at once. It is not only a detriment to the harbor, but argues indifference on the part of the United States towards what is still the tomb of many of her sailors. No matter what the cost, the wreck should be raised and destroyed, or sunk in deep water outside. It is a ghastly sight, and serves only to stir up animosity and preserve memories that ought to be forgotten. Were it in an American harbor, it would long ago have been blown up as a menace to navigation. The Cuban Government itself has never tried to dispose of the wreck, both because of the cost and the danger of having its motives misinterpreted. If Congress should vote the sum needed as a matter of good-will to the new Republic, such an act would be heartily welcomed in Havana as another proof of our friendship.

Cardinal Gibbons has rendered another valuable service to Maryland and the country at large by coming out squarely against the disfranchising of the negro by means of the amendment to be submitted to the voters next fall. "I have no hesitancy," declares the Cardinal, "in saying that I believe it to be both unjust and impolitic." Unjust he finds it because it is designed to deprive a certain class of his fellow-citizens of rights duly conferred upon them by the highest law in the land; and impolitic because it is in the end certain to injure the Democratic party, which favors it. The Cardinal naturally does not believe in any restriction of the suffrage which does not bear on whites and blacks alike. That the proposed law does discriminate against the illiterate negro voter is the open confession of B. B. Shreeves, chairman of the Democratic City Committee, who thus illuminates the Cardinal's declaration:

> Perhaps the Cardinal's opposition is based on the Christian principle of the brotherhood of man, which is beautiful in theory, but which surely must be limited in its political and social application.

Obviously, a mere Cardinal who tries to apply the doctrines of Christianity to our political conditions is much out of place in the eyes of the politicians—particularly when he points out with truth that if the negroes on the Eastern Shore sell their votes in droves, the same charges can be made against large

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numbers of whites in Baltimore and elsewhere. Finally, Cardinal Gibbons gives this admirable advice as to the treatment of the negro:

> If he is, indeed, ignorant, educate him; if he be corrupt and venal, punish him for his corrupt practices and his venality; but, above all things, let us not condemn the righteous for the sins of the unrighteous. Let us not be guilty of the great crime of a wholesale violation of the written laws of our country in order to punish individuals who break those laws in isolated instances.

Samuel Gompers must now be surer than ever that he is living under a monstrous despotism. Where else could a Department of Commerce and Labor trample upon the workingman's right as savagely as ours did last week? Eight Belgian diamond cutters were permitted to enter this country against the wishes of the 325 members of the Diamond Workers' Protective Union of America. In this immigration there was no violation of our contract labor law, but there was a gross infringement upon the privileges of a labor union. Our 325 diamond workers, most of them from Antwerp and Amsterdam, earn four or five times as much as they did on the other side, and they want to keep a good thing to themselves. What more natural and proper, then, than to league together and pass a rule limiting the number of apprentices that can be taken into the trade to 10 per cent. of the union's membership? And if a miserable foreigner comes seeking employment, to set the immigration officials on him?

It is commonly urged that a uniform divorce law would put an end to "the disgraceful migration of thousands" to South Dakota and other States whose lax laws invite the easy snapping of marriage bonds. If divorce reform, however, has no better argument, we shall never get it; for the Census Bureau shows that, as a matter of fact, few discontented couples seize the opportunity. South Dakota, the favorite scapegoat, granted in 1900 only 95 divorces per 100,000 of population, while twenty-one other States were exceeding that number. In the twenty years before 1906, Sioux Falls granted 1,124 divorces; but the same period saw no less than 945,625 allowed in the country at large. For all the free advertising this famous resort has received in our comic papers, not one unhappy couple in 900 has visited it. And probably because the cure is very expensive. Even in the old days, when three months' residence sufficed, only a fat purse would see one through the mill; and now six months discourage all save those who prefer divorce to automobiling as an extravagant and exhilarating sport. Uniformity of law can, after all, accomplish little. It will not check materially the stream of divorces, for no legislation can plug the spring whence it flows. When we learn that since 1900 divorce has increased thrice as rapidly as our population, we see that the causes lie far deeper than provisions of the law. We must look to the profound changes in woman's status, in her view of life, and in wider social and economic conditions. The old writer who called divorce "a medicine for the disease of marriage" saw clearly; and the first step toward reform is to search out the flaws in modern family life which break up one-seventh of our homes.

The possibility of such a thing as a convention of Jewish farmers will be no more of a surprise to most people than the fact that such a convention should represent more than 2,000 Jewish farmers in the four States only of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. Experiments in bringing back the Jews to the land have been prolonged, costly, and often disastrous. But it is a law that failure is widely trumpeted, while success is generally silent and unnoticed. Through individual initiative more than through organized assistance, the agricultural idea has been making its way steadily, in this country, among a people in whom the habit of two thousand years has by no means stifled the natural human inclination to labor on the soil. It is not to be expected that the Jew should pass at once from the confines of the Ghetto to the Western cornfields or cattle ranges. The Jewish farmers have concentrated, as a rule, on the small-scale agriculture that goes on in the neighborhood of large cities—truck-farming, dairying, poultry-raising, and, in southern New Jersey, vine-growing. One important class is the tobacco raisers of Connecticut. This industry, in its combination of skilled agriculture with business acumen, appeals peculiarly to the Jewish farmer. There can be little doubt, however, that these successes in tilling the soil may yet produce Jewish pioneers of the prairie and the Canadian wheat fields.

A generation ago the teacher, the textbook, and a few benches sufficed for instruction in all departments of most American colleges. With the introduction of scientific courses, however, material equipment began to commend itself, and scores even of the smaller colleges are to-day provided with costly scientific laboratories. But other departments have been comparatively neglected. The time is not yet in sight when we can abandon that culture which comes from contact with Greece and Rome, and no college professing to offer a liberal education should put itself in the attitude of discriminating against them. Yet the failure to provide suitable facilities for classical discipline is having the effect, to-day, of such discrimination. There is a widespread belief among teachers that the narrower textual and linguistic phases of classical study should yield to methods which would awaken a broader and deeper human interest, but to do this successfully requires a more elaborate equipment than trustees or donors have so far seen fit to provide, except in a mere dozen of the more richly endowed institutions. The archæological explorations of the past fifty years have thrown a wonderful light upon ancient life, but few colleges and universities can offer students more than a small fraction of the printed reports, casts, models, photographs, lantern slides, etc. The ancient manuscripts of the leading classical authors have been reproduced by photographic processes and published in large folios; but only a handful of American colleges have been liberal enough to provide that stimulus. The scientific instructor usually has a good lantern right at hand; the classical instructor usually has nothing of the kind. The scientific departments almost invariably have their special appropriations for equipment, aside from their allowance from library funds; the Latin and Greek departments almost never. It may be a great compliment to the classical teacher to assume that he can make bricks with so little straw; but the effect on the average student is to convince him that the authorities are not concerned whether that particular brand of brick is made at their kilns.

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"PINCHOTISM."

President Roosevelt has so overdone the writing of messages that he no longer gets a hearing. This is unfortunate when, as in his message of last Friday, submitting to Congress the report of the National Conservation Commission, he has something really important to say. That particular document was "buried" in the morning papers of Saturday. It fell into the Congressional pond without making a ripple. It has scarcely been discussed in the public prints.

But in nothing has Mr. Roosevelt shown better knowledge or sounder principle than in his stand against the reckless waste and the careless exploitation of our national resources. To preserve the forests, guard coal and mineral deposits, and to conserve water power—this is a large national policy to which no one can openly object. It did not need the report, or inventory, of the commission which was appointed as a result of the meeting of State Governors at Washington last spring, to show how vast is the national property which is in danger of devastation or exhaustion. All this is conceded. Yet in several Western States—notably Colorado, Idaho, and Montana—there is a bitter and growing resentment of the policy of government regulation. People out there are ready to fling up their hats and shout for Roosevelt when it is a question of regulating the unpopular railways or getting after the oppressive Trusts, but have only savage words for government interference to prevent timber-thieving and the loose or lawless preëmption of water rights or mining property. That they call in the West "Pinchotism," by which term they mean a fussy meddling with the inalienable right of the West to burn its candle at both ends. It is really an honor to Gifford Pinchot thus to have his name turned into a reproach. And it is also an honor to President Roosevelt that he has stood firm for the far-sighted policy, notwithstanding the fact that his course is displeasing to his more delirious supporters beyond the Mississippi.

Unmistakable evidence of this hostility was given in the speech of acceptance made before the Legislature of Colorado by the new United States Senator, Mr. Hughes. He took occasion, partly as a Democrat, but more as spokesman for Colorado, to declare squarely against Mr. Roosevelt's plan of conserving the natural resources of that State. It had been represented as a duty to our posterity, but Senator Hughes affirmed, not without humor, that we "should not make mollycoddles of our descendants by smoothing out of their pathway all the rough places and removing all difficulties and storing up unearned treasures for their spendthrift enjoyment and dissipation." On the main issue, the new Colorado Senator was very explicit. The West was being hampered. What it wanted was an influx of capital, to take up and exploit the great stretches of forest and coal lands and the immense water power now not utilized. Fettering restrictions would only delay the return of boom days. Senator Hughes spoke of the just "complaints" which the Western people had against a government which sought to inhibit their putting the axe to the tree as freely as their fathers did. The result was before them all:

> A check has been placed upon the kindling enthusiasm of enterprise, upon the wise but adventurous investment of capital, upon the onward march of a sturdy army of explorers and winners from the wilderness to civilization in this magnificent field of human hope and toil.

In commenting upon this speech the Denver *Republican* admits that it states the popular view in Colorado. It was an appeal to selfish interests and to State pride, which had often been made, and which had met with a general response. "The few whose corns have been trampled upon have had the floor." Yet the *Republican* thinks that very soon, if not immediately, Colorado, on a square test, would support the policy of conservation. It shrewdly points out:

> In common with the rest of the nation Colorado has undergone an economic transformation. The coal corporations and the railroads, most directly interested, are no longer State institutions. They are interstate corporations with headquarters at New York. Their profits are not distributed in Colorado. When the coal lands have been exhausted, when the forests have been denuded, these corporations will order their machinery, labor, and capital elsewhere. It is a case of diamond cut diamond. Centralization of capital means centralization of authority. When Colorado and other Western corporations took to Wall Street, the Federal government at Washington took added responsibilities. But abolition of State lines began with the corporations.

But persons, East and West, who take a broad view of conditions, must perceive that within and without the lines of State activity, the new policy must be sustained and enforced. The idea is making its way into the heads of the people, and will prevail. There will be grumbling from individuals, and no doubt some hardships. But the nation is coming to see that it cannot waste without coming to want. We have boasted of our limitless resources, but the end of many of them, if lavish use is permitted, is already in sight. Hand in hand with the effort to preserve the woods and fields and waters, as the patrimony of our children, must go endeavors to prevent rights, inconsiderately granted, from vexing the next generation as they have vexed this. President Roosevelt's warning against allowing the corporations of to-morrow to acquire a vested interest in the country's natural wealth ought to be heard and heeded.

PROGRESS OF THE PROBATION SYSTEM.

The annual report of the New York State Superintendent of Prisons, like the Governor's message, calls attention to the remarkable growth of the probation system. During the year ending September 30, 1908, more than twice as many juvenile offenders were placed on probation as were committed to the State Reformatory; more than twice as many men as were placed in Elmira; while six times as many women were put on probation as were sent to the two reformatories for women. This is a great step forward.

But it is not in New York alone that this plan is spreading. Throughout the country there is an increasing recognition of the necessity of preventive measures to lessen the number of habitual law-breakers. Just as the reformatory movement resulted from the calm conviction that the State could not afford to make a confirmed criminal of a youth by confining him with adult offenders, so the fundamental theory of probation is to limit the prison and reformatory population by providing for a first or second offender guidance in place of punishment. What Judge B. B. Lindsey has done in Denver is well-known. But there is a judge in Chicago, McKenzie Cleland, whose work deserves wider attention than it has received. Like Judge Lindsey, Judge Cleland does not believe that the sole duty of courts consists in sending peo-

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ple to prison. He and the other officers of the National Probation League, with headquarters in Chicago, have added another to the flood of magazines—*The Newer Justice*, devoted exclusively to the discussion of probation. Judge Cleland's court has probably paroled more men and women than any other—1,200 in a comparatively short time. Of the large number brought before him charged with misdemeanors and even felonies, it is said:

> Most of them were guilty; indeed, under his system most of them pleaded guilty and saved the time and expense of a jury trial. Then the judge, instead of fining the offender or sending him to the workhouse, imposed the maximum legal sentence, but immediately entered a motion to vacate the sentence. This motion he held over on a continuance of the case, releasing the offender on whatever bond he could give, sometimes on his own recognizance. But in every case the men were required to abstain from liquor or bad company and promise to go to work and support their families

Thus thousands of dollars are saved in costs of trials, and in board of prisoners, and charitable organizations are not compelled to support the destitute families of convicts. The judge holds his court at night, makes the married male prisoners report there with their wives, and in cases of wilful backsliding his punishments can be severe. His experience brings him fresh courage and great hopes for the future.

But the success of the system depends, after all, upon those who administer it. The best of laws, in the wrong hands, may become a force for evil. Men like Judge Lindsey and Judge Cleland may save much money, and, what is infinitely better, reclaim thousands of men, but what harm may not a Battery Dan Finn or some other low politician, elevated to the bench, effect? Therein lies the weakness of the plan in this city. The judges do not always choose competent probation officers; sometimes the appointees do not know their duties, and sometimes, knowing, devote their best energies to politics. Nevertheless, in spite of drawbacks and failures, the work extends and improves and commends itself to the favor of thoughtful observers.

Before probation stands, of course, the question of arrests. In Cleveland, the earnest and able chief of police, Fred Kohler, inaugurated on January 1, 1908, a so-called "Golden Rule policy" of letting his policemen exercise greater judgment in making arrests, and also in taking the offenders into court. The results for the first years are extraordinary: there were only 10,085 arrests, as compared with 30,418 in 1907, a decrease of 66.8 per cent. Of the 10,085 persons arrested, no less than 4,155 were allowed by the police to go free, and 2,512 were released on waivers by officers in charge of precincts, without appearance in court. Only 3,418 cases were taken before a magistrate. Of course, it is too early to judge of the success of this scheme, which easily lends itself to bribery. Obviously, it presupposes a police force of a character we may hardly hope for in this city. But the experiment in Cleveland indicates that here is another field offering opportunity for a newer and better justice, after the probation system shall have been carried to its utmost limits.

"NO REFUGE BUT IN TRUTH."

"No Refuge but in Truth" is the title of a little volume into which Goldwin Smith has just gathered some of his recent letters and articles on religious questions. Discussing the destruction of old creeds by modern science, he says:

> We are confronted with the vital question what the world would be without religion, without trust in Providence, without hope or fear of a hereafter. Social order is threatened. Classes which have hitherto acquiesced in their lot, believing that it was a divine ordinance, and that there would be redress and recompense in a future state, are now demanding that conditions shall be levelled here.

But Mr. Smith would not, for the sake of avoiding such difficulties, shut his eyes:

> Whatever trouble, moral, social, or political, a great change of belief may bring, there is surely nothing for it but to seek and embrace the truth. . . . Superstition can be of no use morally; even politically it can be of little use, and not for long.

He further justifies his position, as a mere practical expedient:

> We have still the Christian ideal of character, which has not yet been seriously challenged, does not depend upon miracle or dogma for its claim to acceptance, and may continue to unite Christendom.

The findings of natural science, and, more broadly, the movement to apply scientific method to criticism of the history of Christianity and its doctrines, have been, roughly speaking, received in three different ways. The stoutest conservatives, of whom Pius X is now the leader, have flatly refused to accept the new ideas. Twenty-five years ago religionists of this school were denouncing and deriding Darwin and his disciples. To-day they are still proclaiming the inerrancy of the Scriptures or of the official utterances of the Church. They are busy heretic-hunting among the Protestant sects as well as within the pale of Catholicism. But their number seems to be diminishing, their confidence weakening; and no man who has watched the course of theological discussion since the publication of "The Origin of Species" can entertain doubts as to the ultimate extinction of these conservatives. The complete acceptance of the doctrine of evolution—if not of Darwinism in the narrow, technical sense—by all scientists of standing, has shattered that old cosmogony on which so much of ancient Christian dogma rested. Each year is throwing new light on the source and structure of the Four Gospels and rendering more and more untenable the old theory of inspiration.

Already in the more progressive and better educated sects of Protestantism, the second way, a middle way—that is, an attempt to hold to the old and at the same time to grasp the new—has become the more popular. Any one who raises doubts about the Bible stories is told that these things are an allegory; and that the essential point is the "spiritual value" or the "moral significance." In like manner the creeds are rationalized, attenuated, or actually explained away. But this method is not satisfactory, chiefly because, in many instances, it is not frank. The clergyman who utters an ancient formula to which he attaches one meaning while his less learned or more simple-minded auditors attach another, can never command respect as a great moral leader. The first requisite of such leadership is absolute sincerity and courage. Then, too, "hollow profession," as Mr. Smith notes, "cannot fail to impair mental integrity." It is inconceivable that any church or any ecclesiastical order that indulges in sophistry or word-juggling can, in this era of universal education, long retain its hold on the minds and hearts of men. The estimate of human nature that is the underlying assumption of our modern *via media* is too cynical and contemptuous.

We believe, then, that the only sound

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and tenable position is the third, that pointed out by Mr. Smith. Every day that passes makes it harder for men to continue in this middle way, which is virtually a denial of the conclusions that follow inevitably from their premises. To say one thing while your real thought should be expressed in words far different is to try to eat your cake and have it too. It is encouraging to observe that we have entered upon an era of bolder speaking. The Bishop of Tasmania, for example, declares flatly in the last *Hibbert Journal* that the Old Testament is not a suitable basis for moral instruction. He is not with those who bathe the difficulties of this part of the Bible in "the glow of religious fervor, or dissolve them in the *aqua fortis* of an unquestioning faith." "How can we," he asks, "worship such a God" as is depicted in parts of the Old Testament? Time was when such an utterance from such a source would have provoked a furious outburst from the defenders of orthodoxy. Indeed, some of the arguments which the Bishop of Tasmania urges are substantially those which made the name of Robert G. Ingersoll anathema twenty-five years ago. But in 1909 the Bishop of Tasmania will not be pilloried as an heresiarch. The only accusation that is likely to lie against him is that he is indulging in commonplaces. And since it is evident that, willy-nilly, the truth must out, the church authorities will soon have no alternative but to make a virtue of necessity.

We understand what a tremendous undertaking it is to make the change and shift the emphasis. In a thoughtful and penetrating little book, "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast," published three or four years ago, G. Lowes Dickinson maintains that our creeds are "increasingly deriving a great deal of support from the conviction," not that they are true, but that they are "necessary." Churchmen think, with Goldwin Smith, that the bonds of society will be loosened; that men will not fear God for naught, but will give rein to their wildest passions. The question is asked, How can men be turned from worship of an anthropomorphic God, a concrete personality, a loving Father who watches over his children and daily interferes with their affairs—turned from this concept to that of a cold impersonal force that, at best, makes for righteousness? How can men be taught to live with an eye, not to an eternity of fiery torment, or of endless bliss in a crassly materialistic and inconceivable heaven, but to the highest usefulness in this life, here and now? How shall we still make overwhelmingly attractive what Goldwin Smith calls "the Christian ideal of character"? How bring high moral fervor to the support of a code of ethics? These are the perplexities which confront our latter-day prophets of righteousness; and they are perplexities which cannot be evaded; for the most intelligent and serious persons of the rising generation are pressing for an answer. The shuffling of the church is already a cause of alienation. That is why we urge our spiritual guides to face the truth boldly and to attack with more energy than they have yet displayed the imperative undertaking of religious reconstruction.

TENNYSON.

I.

Whatever changes may occur in the fame of Tennyson—and undoubtedly at the present hour he is passing into a kind of obscuration—he can never be deprived of the honor of representing, more almost than any other single poet of England, unless it be Dryden, a whole period of national life: Tennyson is the Victorian age. He was beloved by the Queen and the Prince Consort. Men of science like Huxley were "impressed with the Doric beauty" of his dialect poems, or, like Herschel, Owen, and Tyndall, admired him "for the eagerness with which he welcomed all the latest scientific discoveries, and for his trust in truth." Serious judges cited him on the bench, as did Lord Bowen when, being compelled to preside over an admiralty case, he ended an apology to counsel for his inexperience with the punning quotation:

> And may there be no moaning at the Bar,
> When I put out to sea.

Now it is observable in all accounts of him that the personality of the man with his contempt for little conventions impresses those who lived with him as if he possessed some extraordinary dæmonic power. And his conversation was like his manner. It is agreeable, when we consider certain finical overnice qualities of his verse, to know that his talk was racy with strong downright Saxon words, that, like our Lincoln, he could give and take deep draughts of Pantagruelian mirth. I confess that it does not displease me to touch this vein of earthy coarseness in the man. But I like also to hear that his mind rose more habitually from the soil to the finer regions of poetry and religion. In a hundred recorded conversations you will find him at close grips with the great giants of doubt and materialism which then, as in the caverns and fastnesses of old fable, were lurking in every scientific workshop and stalking thence over the land. How often you will find him, when these questions are discussed, facing them calmly and then ending all with an expression of unalterable faith in the spirit forces that blow like one of his mystic winds about the solid earth, speaking words which sound commonplace enough in print, but which, with his manner and tone, seem to have affected his hearers as if they had been surprised by a voice of revelation.

II.

But in this chorus of acceptance there is one strange discord. Edward FitzGerald was among the poet's warmest friends; of all the great men of his acquaintance, and he knew the greatest, Tennyson alone overawed him. "I must, however, say, further," he once writes after visiting with Tennyson, "that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own: this (though it may seem vain to say it) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects: but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind." FitzGerald was one of those who first recognized Tennyson's poetic genius; but, after a while, there comes a change in the tone of his comment. "In Memoriam," which he read in manuscript before it was published, he cannot away with; it has to him the "air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order"; and from that time, his letters contain frequent hints of dissatisfaction. Somehow he seems to have felt, as we to-day are likely to feel, a disparity between the imposing genius of the man himself and these rather nerveless elegies and rather vapid tales like "The Princess." He cries out once upon "the cursed inactivity" of the nineteenth century for spoiling his poet, coming close to, but not quite touching, the real reason of his discontent. FitzGerald, if any one, was the philosopher of the age as Tennyson was its poet. That determined recluse of Little Grange, who loved in the silent night hours to walk about the flat Suffolk lanes, among the shadows of the windmills that reminded him of his cherished Don Quixote, who, as the years passed, could scarcely be got to visit his friends at all, but wrote to them letters of quaint and wistful tenderness—he alone among the busy anxious Victorians, so far as I know them, stood entirely aloof from the currents of the hour, judging men and things from the larger circles of time; he alone was

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completely emancipated from the illusions of the present, and this is the secret of the grave pathetic wisdom that so fascinates us in his correspondence. And so the very fact that Tennyson was the mouthpiece of his generation, with the limitations that such a character implies, cooled the praise of our disillusioned philosopher just as it warmed the enthusiasm of more engaged minds.

One is impressed by this quality of Tennyson's talent as one goes through his works anew in the Eversley edition* that has just been published, with notes by the poet and by the poet's son. It is useless to deny that to a later taste much, very much, of this writing seems an insubstantial fabric; that it has many of the qualities that stamp the distinctly Victorian creations as provincial and ephemeral. There is upon it, first of all, the mark of prettiness, that prettiness which has been, and still is, the bane of British art. Look through a collection of the work of Landseer, and Birket Foster, and Sir John Everett Millais, and others of that group, and observe its quality of "guileless beauty," as Holman Hunt calls it, or innocuous sentimentality as it seems to us. These scenes of maiden love, of tender home partings and reconciliations, of children floating down a stream in their cradle with perhaps a kitten peering into the water—it is not their morality that offends us, far from that, but their deliberate blinking of what makes life austere and, in the better sense of the word, beautiful. And this same prettiness you will find in many of Tennyson's poems. It is notably, and perhaps excusably, conspicuous in such early poems as "The May Queen" and "Dora," but it does not stop there. In its own kind "Launcelot and Elaine" is a nobly planned work, yet somehow to all its charm there still clings that taint, shall we say, of prettiness, which is a different thing altogether. I read the words of Gawain to the lily maid of Astolat:

> "Nay, by mine head," said he,
> "I lose it, as we lose the lark in heaven,
> O damsel, in the light of your blue eyes."

'Tis a sweet compliment, but I remember the same metaphor in an old play:

> Once a young lark
> Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes
> Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies,—

and by comparison I seem again to note in Tennyson's lines the something thin we designate as Victorian. There is in the same poem another scene, one of the most picturesque in all the "Idylls," where Launcelot and Elaine's brother ride away from the ancient castle and the lily maid to join the tournament:

> She stay'd a minute,
> Then made a sudden step to the gate, and there—
> Her bright hair blown about the serious face
> Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss—
> Paused by the gateway, standing near the shield
> In silence, while she watch'd their arms far off
> Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs.

You see it all—the sentimental maiden at the arch, gazing with shaded eyes after the two departing knights, while some flowering vine of an English summer droops from the stones about her slender form; you see it, but again it is a painting on the walls of Burlington House rather than the reality of a more virile art.

III.

But however much the prettiness of "In Memoriam" caught the ears of the sentimental, it was another quality which won the applause of the greater Victorians. There is an interesting letter given among the editor's notes, showing how the men who were leading English thought in those days felt toward the new poem. "These lines," writes Prof. Henry Sidgwick of one of the stanzas that express Tennyson's trust in the fatherhood of God through all the questionings of science—"these lines I can never read without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up, because it is necessary for life; and which I know that I, at least, so far as the man in me is deeper than the methodical thinker, cannot give up." Now Sidgwick was no ordinary man. He was, in fact, one of the keenest and hardest-headed thinkers of those days; and these tears of his were no cheap contribution of sentiment, but rose from the deepest wells of trouble. Many men still living can remember the dismay and the sense of homelessness that came upon the trusting mind of England when it became aware of a growing hostility between the new school of science and the established creed. When Arthur Hallam died in 1833, Darwin was making his memorable voyage of investigation on the Beagle, and while Tennyson was elaborating his grief in long-linked sweetness, Darwin was writing that "first note-book on Transmutation of Species," which was developed in the "Origin of Species" of 1859. The alarm of the church over this assimilation of man and monkey, the bitter fight between Huxley and Wilberforce, and between Huxley and Gladstone—all this is well known, though the tumult of the fray begins to sound in our ears as distant as the battles about Troy.

To these currents of thought Tennyson was quickly responsive. Without hesitation, he accepted the new point of view for his "In Memoriam," and those who were leading the revolution felt this and accepted enthusiastically a recruit from the writers of the imagination, who were commonly arrayed against them. It is unnecessary to point out the many passages of the poem in which the law of evolution, the survival of the fittest, and man's kinship to the ape were clearly hinted before Darwin had definitely formulated them in his epoch-making book. What more impressed men like Sidgwick was the fact that Tennyson felt with them the terrifying doubts awakened by this conception of man as part of a vast mechanism, but still clung to the creed "which humanity cannot give up, because it is necessary for life." And Tennyson, and this is the point to be emphasized, found this minimum of faith, not outside of the new science, but at its very heart. He does, indeed, cry out at times against the harsher hypothesis, declaring that we are not "magnetic mockeries" or "only cunning casts in clay"; but the gist of his confidence, and what made him the spokesman of the age, was in a bold completion of evolution by the theory of indefinite progress and by a vision of some magnificent consummation wherein the sacrifices of the present were to be compensated somehow, somewhere, somewhen—who shall say? This reconciliation of dogma and science, this discovery of a father near at hand within the inexorable law of evolution, this vision of an eternal state to be reached in the progress of time—

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves,—

all this, like the prettiness which characterized the painting of the age and Tennyson's non-religious verse, is what we have come to call the Victorian compromise.

IV.

Undoubtedly, the fame of Tennyson in his own day was due largely to his expression of what may be called the official philosophy, but it is a question whether this very trait has not weakened his hold upon a later generation, whether, for instance, the stoic resolve and self-determination of Matthew Arnold, whom Professor Sidgwick in one of the most scathing essays of the century denounced as a trifling "prophet of culture," have not really more meaning for us to-day—though not the highest meaning of all—than any official and comfortable middle way. I read the stanza of "In Memoriam" which describes the reception of the poet's friend into the heavenly host:

> The great Intelligences fair
> That range above our mortal state,
> In circle round the blessed gate,
> Received and gave him welcome there;—

The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. In six volumes. The Eversley Edition. Annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson, edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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and then I turn back to the note which gives the similar lines of Milton's "Lycidas":

There entertain him all the Saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

Why is it that Tennyson here leaves us so cold, whereas at the sound of Milton's words the heart still leaps as at a bugle call? Why are these "fair Intelligences" so meaningless and so frigid? Is it not just the spirit of compromise between religion and science that has entered into Tennyson's image, leaving it neither the simple objective faith of Milton nor the honest questioning of Matthew Arnold?

It may seem that I have dwelt overmuch on the weakness of an admired writer, but it was these compromises of Tennyson that gave him his historic position, and, also, it is only by bringing out clearly this aspect of his work that we are enabled to discern the full force of another and contrasted phase which was not of the age, but the unfettered voice of the poet himself. As we read of the impression made by the man Tennyson upon his contemporaries and then consider the sleeker qualities of his verse, we find it difficult to associate the two together. There was no prettiness or convention in his character, but an elusive wildness of beauty and a noble, almost defiant, independence. Now, if we examine the spirit of compromise which made the official poet in Tennyson, we shall see that it rests finally on a denial of religious dualism, of the consciousness, that is, which no reasoning of philosophy and no noise of the world can ever quite obliterate, of two opposite principles within us, one bespeaking unity and peace and infinite life, the other calling us to endless division and change and death. Just this cleft within our nature the Victorians attempted to conceal. Because they could not discover a rational bond between the world of time and of evolution and the idea of eternity and changelessness, they would deny that these two can exist side by side as totally distinct spheres, and by raising the former and lowering the latter would seek the truth in some reconciliation of the two. Thus, instead of finding the real tyrant of the soul, as did William Drummond, in the dominion of "time, under the fatal shadow of whose wings all things decay and wither," they place the faith of religion in some far-off event of time, as if infinity were a kind of enchantment lent by distance.

V.

Such was the official message of Tennyson; but by its side there comes up here and there through his works an utterly different vein of mysticism which is scarcely English, and certainly not Victorian—a sense of utter estrangement from time and personality. In the notes of the Eversley volumes the editor gives an unpublished juvenile poem, "The Mystic," in which this feeling is expressed, if not so clearly as in the better-known prose confession of his later years, at least with a self-knowledge every way remarkable for a boy:

Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction; he hath felt
The vanities of after and before.

. . . . . .

He often lying broad awake, and yet
Remaining from the body, and apart
In intellect and power and will, hath heard
Time flowing in the middle of the night,
And all things creeping to a day of doom.

The point to note is how Tennyson in such passages feels himself an entity set apart from the flowing of time, whereas in the religious stanzas of "In Memoriam" he—not he only, but God himself—is one with the sum of things in some vague temporal progress. In that difference, if rightly understood, lies, I think, the distinction between faith and rationalism.

This sense of himself as a being set apart from change strengthened, if anything, as he grew old. Its most philosophic expression is in "The Ancient Sage," which was first published in 1885 and was regarded by him as one of his best later poems; it is rebellious in "Vastness," lyrical in "Break, Break, Break," purely melodic in "Far—Far—Away," dramatic in "Ulysses," autobiographical in "The Gleam." Always it is the man himself speaking his own innermost religious experience, and no mere "minimum of faith" needed for the preservation of society.

VI.

For the fullest and most artistic utterance of this mysticism, we must go to the "Idylls of the King." I will confess to be no unreserved lover of that mangled epic as a whole; it seems to me that in most of its parts the Victorian prettiness is made doubly, and at times offensively, conspicuous by the contrast between Tennyson's limpid sentimentality and the sturdier fibre of Mallory's "Morte Darthur," from which he drew his subject. But it is true that here and there, in a line or a musically haunting passage, he has in the Idylls spoken from the depth of his heart, as he has spoken nowhere else, and that one of them, "The Holy Grail," has an insight into things spiritual and a precision it would be hard to match in any other English poem. The holy cup, so the story runs, which had been brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea and had vanished away for the sinfulness of the people, was seen first in vision by a holy sister of Sir Percivale, and by her Galahad was incited to go on the sacred quest. Meanwhile, one day when the knights were gathered at the round table, in the absence of the King, Galahad sits in Merlin's magic seat, which, as Tennyson explains, is a symbol of the spiritual imagination, the siege perilous, wherein "no man could sit but he should lose himself":

And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a riving of the roofs,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, *and in the thunder was a cry.*
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day:
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bore it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And, staring each at other like dumb men,
Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.

The vision, in other words, is nothing else but a sudden and blinding sense of that dualism of the world and of the human soul beneath which the solid-seeming earth reels and dissolves away, overwhelming with terror and uncomprehended impulses all but those purely spiritual to whom the earth is already an unreal thing. Then enters the King, and perceives the perturbation among his knights. It is characteristic of England and of the age, although it has, too, its universal significance, that Tennyson's Arthur should deplore the search for the Grail as a wild aberration, which is to bring impossible hopes and desolate disappointments to those whose business was to do battle among very material forces.

Only Sir Galahad, in whom was no attachment to the earth, and who was bold to find himself by losing himself, had beheld clearly the vision of the cup as it smote across the hall. I do not know how it may be with others, but to me the answer of Galahad to the King has a mystical throb and exultation almost beyond any other words of English:

But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail.
I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—
"O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me."

That is the cry and the voice, now poetry and not philosophy, which Tennyson had in mind when he wrote of hearing "the word that is the symbol of myself." He who has once heard it and heard also the answering echo within his own breast, can never again close his ears to its sound. To Galahad it meant the vanishing of the world altogether, and there is nothing more magnificent in Tennyson, scarcely in English verse, I think, than Sir Percivale's last sight of Galahad fleeing over the bridges out into the far horizon, and disappearing into the splendors of the sky, while—

. . . thrice above him all the heavens
Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd
Shoutings of all the sons of God; and first
At once I saw him far on the great Sea,

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In silver-shining armor starry-clear;
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung
Clothed in white samite or a luminous cloud.

There, in the inspiration from Tennyson's own visionary faith and from no secular compromise, we find the lift and the joy and the assurance that Milton knew and sang in "Lycidas" and that was so sadly missed in the "great Intelligences fair" of "In Memoriam."

But to Sir Percivale himself the vision brought no such divine transfiguration. He is the one who sees, indeed, and understands, yet cannot lose himself. Because the Holy Grail signifies a dualism which sets the eternal world not at the end of the temporal, but utterly apart from it, he who knows the higher while lacking the courage to renounce the lower, wanders comfortless with neither the ecstatic joy of the one nor the homely satisfactions of the other. So the world and all that it contains turns into dust at his touch, leaving him alone and wearying, in a land of sand and thorns. Another, Sir Bors, the simple, trustful gentleman, who goes out on the word of others, following duty only and trusting in the honor of the act as it comes to him, sees in adversity the holy cup shining through a rift in his prison, and abides content that the will of God should reserve these high things as a reward for whomsoever it chooses. Still another, Sir Gawain, finding the vision is not for him, and having turned his eyes from the simple rule of duty, sinks into sensual pleasures, and declares his twelvemonth and a day a merry jaunt. Most fatal of all is the experience of Launcelot, he, the greatest of all, who brought the sin into the court, who cannot disentangle the warring impulses of good and evil within himself. He, too, rides out of Camelot on the Quest, and then:

My madness came upon me as of old,
And whipt me into waste fields far away. . . .
But such a blast, my King, began to blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the blast,
Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea
Drove like a cataract, and all the sand
Swept like a river, and the clouded heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.

This is an application to the smaller field of wind and earth and water of that dizzy tempestuous motion which in Tennyson's earlier poem of "Lucretius" surged through the Epicurean's atomic universe. To the eye of the spirit, Tennyson would seem to say, the material world is a flux and endless, purposeless mutation—leaving the self-possessed soul to its own inviolable peace, or, upon one that perceives yet is still enmeshed in evil desires, thronging in visions and terrors of madness. One need not be a confessed mystic to feel the power of these passages, any more than one need be a Puritan (standing, that is, at the opposite pole of religion from the mystic) to appreciate Milton. To the genuine conviction of these poets our human nature responds as it can never respond to the insincerity of the world's "minimum of faith." With Tennyson, unfortunately, the task is always to separate the poet of insight from the poet of compromise.

P. E. M.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

Detlev von Liliencron's popularity as a poet is due to his expression of the sane and simple joy of living. As a dramatist and novelist, however, he has been less successful. Loose-jointed and badly proportioned, his plays and his stories seem more like a framework for exquisite lyrical episodes. His "Knut der Herr" had to sleep many years between the covers of the book before it saw the footlights, and then was not popular. His early novel, "Breide Hummelsbüttel," never reached the larger world of German readers of fiction. Liliencron's latest prose work is likely by its title, "Leben und Lüge: Ein biographischer Roman" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), to attract wider attention. The word biographical suggests an element of autobiography; both those who expect to find in the novel an authentic record of a life which has shunned rather than sought publicity, and those who are familiar with the meagre facts which the poet himself made known when he first came into prominence, will be disappointed. For it is difficult to trace the thread of truth in this fanciful fabric. The wisest course is to regard the book merely as the author's spiritual confession, a veiled statement of his dreams and his longings. It is evident that Liliencron has drawn somewhat upon the memories of his own early years in his story of the boyhood and youth of Kai von Vorbrügge. It is probable, too, that the leaves from Kai's campaign diary are based upon notes taken by the author while he fought against France in the war of 1870-71. Beyond that it would be dangerous to hazard inferences. The second half of the book must be regarded as pure fiction, though it may be difficult to reconcile the uneven course and abrupt end of the narrative with the accepted form of the novel. In this respect Liliencron is of those who create their own forms and make their own laws; and notwithstanding all the technical weaknesses of the work, one is captivated by the spontaneity of the personality of Kai von Vorbrügge.

Foremost among the women writers who struck a new note in German fiction ten or twelve years ago is Gabriele Reuter, whose "Aus guter Familie" still retains its hold upon German readers as a faithful picture of the cramped and narrow life to which the daughters of the better middle class in her country were doomed before modern, and especially English, ideals of education opened to them fresh interests and wider fields of activity. Since the appearance of that work the author has written a number of stories, but only in her latest book has she attained the strength and the sincerity of the first. In the centre of the group of unfortunate women who have sought "Das Thränenhaus" (Berlin: S. Fischer), Frau Reuter has placed Cornelie Reimann, a writer whose works have made her name dear to the women of her country. Towering far above them by her intellect and her culture, this woman becomes the champion of her less favored sisters; and the reader is made to feel that it is due to her influence if they leave the place chastened by suffering and the sanctity of motherhood. There is nothing sensational in Frau Reuter's method; she has a message, but she delivers it with a rare artistic discretion. The experiences of her heroine are recorded with dignity, and the pathos is relieved by touches of humor, which add to the convincing quality of this picture of real life. There are a few incidents which would grate on Anglo-Saxon nerves, but they are justified by the atmosphere of the Bavarian village which is the setting of the unusual book.

Hermann Bahr's "Die Rahl" (Berlin: S. Fischer) is a fair specimen of the tact and the delicacy with which a difficult problem can be treated by a genuine artist. It is the story of a schoolboy who, enamored of a famous actress, follows her daily when she drives home from the theatre. One day, touched by his devotion, she invites him into her carriage and rewards him with a kiss. In a delirium of joy he becomes oblivious of the vast gulf between them and indulges in a wild self-delusion. He forces his way into her villa, and is confronted by the husband, a man of sagacity and experience, who has sympathy with the youthful victim of his wife's attraction and talks to him as man to man. At the end of the interview he gives the boy her latest photograph with an inscription by her own hand—a gift which she holds in readiness for her numerous admirers. When the lad returns to his widowed mother, all his pent-up conflicting emotions burst forth in a torrent of cynicism. Her tactful understanding and gentle indulgence succeed in restoring his balance. The author holds attention by his vivid and natural narrative.

E. von Keyserling's skill in conveying to the reader the tension of a spiritual conflict or of an emotional crisis is remarkable. The very first pages of

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his new book, "Dumala" (Berlin: S. Fischer), when the village parsonage is ringing with the pastor's dramatic rendering of Schubert's "Am Meer," give one the key. Equally strong is the chapter describing a Sunday evening at the castle of Baron Werland. The characters stand out from their background with striking vitality: the parson with the artistic temperament; the Frau Pastorin, with nothing but her domestic virtue and her boundless admiration for her husband; the infidel nobleman, to whose invalid chair is bound the young and fascinating wife; the pale and poetical secretary languishing with unrequited love for his mistress; and the robust and unscrupulous neighbor, Baron Rast, who carries off the prize. The story closes with a note that is solemn and impressive.

Hermann Hesse, whose "Peter Camenzind" has reached the fiftieth edition since 1904, has written a volume of short stories appropriately called "Nachbarn" (Berlin: S. Fischer); for, although the tales are not interrelated, the scene is a little provincial town which, with all due differences of character and incident, has given them a common stamp. The personages are quaint figures; "der kleine Ohngelt," with his pathetic attempts to distinguish himself as a singer; Karl Eugen Eiselein, who cherishes the illusion of being a poetical genius and is saved from making a failure of his life by the drastic intervention of his robust and practical mother; the quiet and respectable merchant, Walter Kömpff, who in his later years fell into religious mania and shocked his neighbors by his suicide; and finally the inmates of the poorhouse, who had been installed in the old inn "Zur Sonne." There is pathos and tragedy in the lives of some of these provincials; but there is humor, too, expressed in a style of rare strength and purity.

The title of the volume of short stories by Felix Salten, "Die Geliebte Friedrichs des Schönen" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), is derived from the first story, which is an indirect plea against the removal of inconvenient relatives to poorhouses and old people's homes. The gradual awakening of the heroine to the realization of her environment and the strange delusions to which she becomes a victim in her unaccustomed idleness are depicted with great force. A curious problem of criminal psychology is the subject of "Der Ernst des Lebens." A man who has killed his friend in a fit of rage, because he could not bear to hear this friend preach suavely about the seriousness of life, pleads his case before the warden of the prison to which he had been committed. "Feiertag" is a little sketch giving a charming glimpse of the ordinary holiday life on a Vienna street; but against this background is outlined a love affair which an incident of this day brings to an untimely end. "Ein Tag" is a novelette in dialogue, recalling in the even and natural tone of the conversation and the strong dramatic climax the little masterpieces by which Jeanne Marni won for herself a place in contemporary French letters. "Die Wege des Herrn" is the pathetic story of an abandoned dog. Into the last stories in the book there enters a marked element of satire. The singer who gives the best of his art and fails to be rewarded by the sympathy and the understanding of his royal listener philosophically accepts his fate. His companion in a later story is a young gladiator who believes in imperial magnanimity and has his throat pierced by the imperial sword. The humor of "Die Erhebungen über Barbara Liebhardt" is irresistible. The last novelette, "Vicomte Termilly," compares in conciseness and facile grace with works of the French masters in this kind.

A. von Ende.

Correspondence.

THE FIRST PLAY IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The question as to the date of the first play-house in America, the production of the first play, and the writing of the first play, has attracted attention for a good many years. As long ago as 1832 William Dunlap gave September 5, 1752, as the first authentic date, the Hallam company from Goodman's Field as the players, the "Merchant of Venice" as the play, and Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, as the place. Clapp in 1853 recorded the 1750 performance in a Boston coffee house of Otway's "Orphan." Ireland in 1866 gave a circumstantial account of a company of actors that reached New York during the month of February, 1750, under the management of a certain Kean and Murray. Charles P. Daly about the same time published a paper in the New York *Evening Post*, in which was given the following reference from the New York *Gazette* for October 15, 1733:

> To be Sold at reasonable Rates, All Sorts of Household Goods, viz.: Beds, Chairs, Tables, Chests of Drawers, . . . a Negro Girl about 16 years of age, has had the Smollpox and is fit for Town or Country. Enquire of George Talbot, next Door to the Play-House.

Since then many important facts regarding the early American stage have been brought to light by the research of various persons, among others G. O. Seilhamer, Judge Daly himself, and Paul Leicester Ford, to mention only three who have entered the field with monographs or books. The Philadelphia records, for instance, of the Murray and Kean company have been brought to light. An entry in John Smith's "Journal" gives the name of what was probably the first play acted by them:

> Sixth Month (August) 22d, 1749. Joseph Morris and I happened in at Peacock Bigger's, and drunk tea there, and his daughter, being one of the company who were going to hear the tragedy of *Cato* acted, it occasioned some conversation, in which I expressed my sorrow that anything of the kind was encouraged.

This company must have acted plays in Philadelphia during the rest of the year, for early in 1750 the Recorder, William Allen, afterwards Chief Justice of the Province, reported to the Common Council that certain persons had lately taken upon them to act plays in the city and he feared the mischievous effects thereof. The board thereupon unanimously requested the magistrates to take the most effectual means for suppressing the "disorder," by sending for the actors and binding them to their good behavior. The company went to New York, and in 1751 to Virginia. As an illustration of the difficulties they overcame, the following prospectus from the *Virginia Gazette* of August 29, 1751, may be quoted:

> By Permission of His Honour the President. Whereas the Company of Comedians that are in New York intend performing in this City [Williamsburg]; but there being no Room suitable for a Play House, 'tis proposed that a Theatre shall be built by Way of Subscription: Each Subscriber, advancing a Pistole, to be entitled to a Box Ticket, for the first Nights Diversion.

The theatre was completed and the first play produced within six weeks; but the following May the company left Williamsburg for Hobbs' Hole and Fredericksburg, not to return. It is of some interest to us to know that young George Washington enters in his ledger, under June 2, 1752, a record of money loaned his younger brother Samuel to see a play by this company in Fredericksburg: "By Cash at the play House 1-3,"—the price of a ticket in the gallery. The later Hallam company gave what Dunlap thought to be the pioneer performance in America, on September 15 (not 5), 1752, in this subscription theatre erected in Williamsburg by these New York comedians, and abandoned by them.

We have records of dramatic performances in Charleston, Williamsburg, and New York before the existence of the Kean and Murray company. The Quakeress Sophie Hume, in an exhortation to the inhabitants of South Carolina, written in 1748, implies the existence of occasional theatrical entertainments: "You have no masquerades nor music gardens to entertain you, neither are theatrical entertainments frequent among you." The *South Carolina Gazette* (Charleston) of October 3, 1748, contains an advertisement of a school "over against the Play House." In 1747, and also in 1743, the same paper contains an advertisement of a ball to take place "at the theatre in Queen street." A map of Charleston, dated 1738, marks the site of this theatre as on the south side of Queen Street, a little west of Church. These Charleston records date back to 1735, before the erection of the theatre. On January 18, 1735, the *South Carolina Gazette* contained the following advertisement:

> On Friday, the 24th inst., in the Court Room, will be attempted a tragedy called *The Orphan* or *The Unhappy Marriage*. Tickets will be delivered on Tuesday next, at Mr. Shepheard's, at 40s. each.

During the next three months at least seven performances are recorded by the *Gazette* in detail, the last being a benefit for Monimia (a character in the "Orphan"). The plays were probably produced by local talent. An advertisement on May 3, at the

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end of the season, tells us something of the method of production:

Any gentlemen that are disposed to encourage the exhibition of plays next Winter, may have the sight of the proposals for a subscription at Mr. Shepheard's in Broad Street. And any persons that are desirous of having a share in the performance thereof, upon application to Mr. Shepheard shall receive a satisfactory answer.

Between that date and the date of the next theatrical reference in the *Gazette*, the Charleston theatre was financed and built. An advertisement of January 24, 1736, announces:

On Thursday, the 12th of February, will be opened the new theatre in Dock Street, in which will be performed the comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*. . . . Boxes, 30s.; pitt, 20s.; and tickets for the gallery, 15s.

The season lasted only six weeks, and then for some reason the plays were discontinued. The *Gazette* of May 29 contains an epigram "On the Sale of the Theatre." The building, however, continued to be used for the occasional production of plays until 1755 and after.

The Williamsburg records are not so continuous. Between 1751 and 1736 we have no references to the theatre; but on September 10, 1736, the *Virginia Gazette* advertised the production of certain plays by the students of William and Mary College, and others:

This evening will be performed at the Theatre, by the young gentlemen of the College, The Tragedy of *Cato*, And, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday next, will be acted the following Comedies, by the gentlemen and ladies of this Country, viz., *The Busy-Body*, *The Recruiting Officer*, and the *Beaux-Stratagem*.

Daly, in his 1896 monograph, insists, though without giving the full text of the above advertisement, that the three comedies mentioned were produced by "an organized theatrical company, who were then performing at Williamsburg, where a theatre had been built." And he continues:

It would be out of the ordinary course of things that a play-house like this, close to the market-place, should have been erected for occasional performances by amateurs. . . . It is more probable that it was an ordinary theatre, where plays were performed by professional actors.

This view, however, is hardly tenable in the light of the exact language of the advertisement. The theatre referred to is first mentioned by Hugh Jones, in his work, "The Present State of Virginia," published in London in 1724, two years after Jones left Virginia. Jones speaks of "a large area for a Market Place, near which is a Play House and good Bowling Green." This must have been in 1722, and is the earliest reference to a play-house in America. A still earlier reference, however, to a dramatic production in Williamsburg is found in a letter of Gov. Spotswood, dated June 24, 1718. Eight members of the House of Assembly had refused him honor:

Nay, when, in Order to the Solemnizing his Maj'ty's Birthday, I gave a publick Entertainment at my House, all Gent'n that would come were Admitted; These Eight Counsellors would neither come to my House nor go to the Play w'ch was Acted on that occasion.

This is all that is known of this play; but it may have been acted by the college boys of William and Mary.

In New York, the records of play-acting prior to 1750 are scant but suggestive. A manuscript volume of poems by Archibald Home, "late Secretary and One of His Majesties Council for the Province of New Jersey, North America," owned by William Nelson, of Paterson, contains a "Prologue, intended for the second opening of the theatre at New York, anno 1739." A "second opening" implies a first opening; and in a news item in the *New England and Boston Gazette* for January 1, 1733, under the head of New York News of December 11, we have an account of the first opening of this theatre:

On the 6th instant, the New Theatre in the building of the Hon. Rip Van Dam, Esq., was opened with the comedy of the *Recruiting Officer*, the part of Worthy acted by the ingenious Mr. Thos. Heady, Barber and Peruque maker to his Honor.

"His Honor" refers to Rip Van Dam, acting governor of New York up to a few months before the opening of the theatre.

There are two other references to early productions of plays in America. On March 2, 1714, Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, protested in a letter against the acting of a play in the Council Chamber at Boston. Even the Romans, he said, were not "so far set upon them as to turn their Senate House into a Play-House." This play was probably not acted. The other reference is found in a small volume, now rare, by Anthony Aston, who had been an actor in the West Indies, and afterwards came to Virginia and New York, and who, according to his statement, acted in the city of New York in 1702. Although he does not say so, it is doubtless upon the authority of this book that Ford, in his monograph, "Washington and the Theatre," makes the assertion:

That there was play-acting in New York, and in Charleston, South Carolina, before 1702, are unquestioned facts, giving to these two places, so far as can be discovered, priority of claim in the first patronage of the mimic art.

Daly merely speaks of the Aston document as affording a possible date:

The comedy with which the New Theatre [in New York] was opened, in 1732. *The Recruiting Officer*, is the earliest play known to have been acted in North America, for though . . . there was a play-house in Williamsburg ten years before, it is not known what plays were acted there until 1736, when four are referred to.

However that may be, these are the principal references so far adduced to performances of plays in what is now English-speaking North America.

As to dramatic authorship, "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, is generally mentioned in American literary history as the first play to be written in America. The play was written in 1759 for the stage, but was not accepted. In 1765, two years after the death of its author, it was published by subscription, Franklin alone subscribing for twelve copies, and with the same William Allen who had complained in 1750 of Kean and Murray's players, also a patron. It was produced upon the stage in 1767. The play of an earlier author is mentioned by Malone in Wegelin's bibliography—"Le Père Indien," by Le Blanc Villeneuve, written while Villeneuve was in the French service in Louisiana. This tragedy was produced in 1753 in the Governor's mansion in New Orleans. The same author, according to Alcée Fortier (Modern Language Association, 1886), wrote a tragedy called "Poucha-Houmma," based upon a story he had heard while employed by the government among the Tchactas, 1752-58. This constitutes the earliest play writing mentioned by our literary and theatrical historians as having been done in America.

None of these plays, however, was actually the first either to be produced or written in America; 1752 is not the earliest date to be attached to American stage authorship, nor 1732 the date of the earliest reference by name to a play acted in America, nor even 1702 (the date cited from Aston) the earliest date for either. Our dramatic authorship dates back of a certainty sixty-two years earlier than that; our stage history perhaps even earlier. When, in the year 1640, Father LeJeune and the Jesuit missionaries at Quebec added certain American scenes to a French tragi-comedy, they did what was probably the first dramatic writing to be done in what is now English-speaking America. Shakespeare had been dead twenty-four years. Miles Standish was still in command of the Pilgrim forces at Plymouth. William Penn was not yet born. Quebec at this time was only thirty-two years old. Nicolet, the protégé of its founder, had discovered the upper waters of the Mississippi only six years before, and was now living near enough Quebec to help in the polishing, had his linguistic attainments been absolutely needed. The great Jesuit martyrs, Jogues, Brébeuf, Garnier, Buteux, and Daniel, were still working among the friendly Hurons and Algonquins in the interior, while Gabriel Lalemant had not yet arrived from France. An account of this play is given by Paul Le Jeune in the "Jesuit Relations," dated Kébec, September 10, 1640:

Last year we made bonfires for the birth of Monseigneur the Dauphin; we entreated God, by a solemn procession to make this child like his father. Our joy and our affection were not kept within the bounds of one year; Monsieur the Chevalier de Montmagny, our Governor, wishing to prolong it, has had a Tragi-Comedy represented this year, in honor of this new-born Prince. I would not have believed that so handsome apparel and so good actors could be found in Kébec. Sieur Martial Piraubé, who had charge of this performance, and who represented the chief personage, succeeded excellently, but in order that our Savages might derive some benefit from it, Monsieur the Governor, endowed with uncommon zeal and prudence, invited us to put something into it which might strike their eyes and their ears. We had the soul of an unbeliever pursued by two demons, who finally hurled it into a hell that vomited forth flames; the struggles, cries, and shrieks of this soul, and of these demons, who spoke in the Algonquin tongue, penetrated so deeply into the hearts of some of them, that a Savage told us, two days afterward, that he had been greatly frightened that night by a very horrible dream.

What the play was we do not know, but it was plainly not a religious play. It may have been a play by Hardy—a play like "Alcestis" would afford an opportunity for the Algonquin scenes. Or it may have been a play by Corneille, possibly the "Cid." In all the editions of the "Cid," from 1637 to 1644, the play was called a "tragedy-comedy." Piraube, who doubtless selected it, was a royal notary in Quebec from 1639 to 1643, and close to the Governor. He must have seen the "Cid" played in France. As the tragedy was published in 1637, he could easily have secured the text. Or, it may

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have been one of Richelieu's composites. We only know that it must have been a published play of some acting excellence.

The next reference to play-acting in Quebec speaks of the "Cid" by name. In the "Relations" for 1646 Jerome Lalemant tells us:

On the last day of the year they gave a performance at the warehouse, Enacting the sit. Our Fathers were present—in deference to Monsieur the Governor, who took pleasure therein, as also did the savages—that is, fathers de Quen, Lalemant and defretat: all went well, and there was nothing which could not edify. I begged Monsieur the governor to excuse me from attendance.

The Lalemant mentioned is the writer's nephew, Gabriel, who had just arrived from France, and who died by torture at the hands of the Iroquois in 1649. De Frétat had also just come from France. De Quen had been in Canada eleven years; but his attendance at this play of Corneille's suggests the interesting possibility that he may have heard its author's name before that name became famous. Corneille, we know, was educated by the Jesuits at Rouen; and De Quen entered the Society at Rouen the year that Corneille as a boy of fourteen was awarded the important prize of a large folio volume, for proficiency. Both Le Jeune and Vimont, who saw the 1640 "tragi-comedy," also entered the Society at Rouen while Corneille, as far as we know, was a student of the Jesuits there. In 1651 the "Relations" speak of another play by Corneille: "December 4. There was a performance of the Tragedy of 'Heraclius,' by Corneille." And in 1652 the "Cid" was played again: "April. On the 16th, there was a performance of Corneille's Tragedy, 'le Scide.'" These early Quebec plays seem to have been produced usually under secular auspices, but in 1658 the Fathers themselves, or rather, their French and Indian pupils at the college, gave a play:

July 28. Monsieur the governor did us the honor, with Monsieur The abbé queylus, of coming to dine at our house. There he was received by the Youths of the country with a little drama in french, huron, and Algonquin, in our Garden, in the Sight of all the people of quebec. The sieur governor expressed himself as pleased with that reception.

This play is the first that we know to have been written wholly in America; and perhaps it is our last example of genuine American dramatic writing—writing, that is to say, in a native American tongue. Sulte adds greatly to our knowledge of it by giving the names of the parts and players. Although it was produced by a religious order, and almost certainly written by some one connected therewith, it was in no sense a religious play, but a play more like one of our minor Jacobean masques—a compound of tableau, allegory, and ballad. I give the names of the characters: Le Génie universal de la Nouvelle-France; Le Génie des Forêts, interprète des étrangers; Les quatre Français qui chantent les compliments; Le Sauvage Huron; L'Algonquin; Étranger du Sud; Étranger du Nord; Captif Huron, and Captif Nez-Percé. At least four other plays were produced in Quebec before 1702, the earliest date named by Daly and Ford. One of these was a religious spectacle of some kind—one of two referred to by the Fathers during this period. I quote from the "Relations" of 1659: "August 3. A representation was given in our chapel of quebec, in honor of Monseigneur the bishop of petraea. Everything went well." In 1668 a secular play was given twice—by whom is not clear:

February The 7th and 9th. The play of Le sage Visionnaire was performed with great success and to every one's satisfaction. It was as well received the second time as the first.

And six weeks later, a second religious play: "March The 21st. Master Pierson had a short latin play performed, on the passion of our Lord; it was successful." The last of these plays was Molière's "Tartuffe," the performance of which at the castle, in 1794, caused a rupture between Governor Frontenac and the bishop, St. Vallier, which never healed. This was the only performance that was opposed by any one during the entire period, and it solely because of the subject-matter of the play.

I have brought these early dates together because of their interest to the students of the drama. Mexico would afford still earlier references to the acting of religious plays; but the later literary and dramatic history of Mexico has no connection with that of major North America. I think that 1640 will prove the earliest reference to dramatic writing in the America that now speaks English; but I hope to find allusions to play-acting that will carry that date back to nearer the beginning of the century.

WILLIAM J. NEIDIG.

University of Wisconsin, January 10.

INIQUITIES OF THE DUTY ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent articles in the *Nation* in regard to the iniquitous tariff on books it has been frequently stated that books in foreign languages are admitted free of duty. Of late, however, it has been rumored that the duty is again to be placed upon such books. A recent decision of the New York customs appraisers will show that a duty may be exacted from nearly all books in foreign languages under the present law. Some time ago I imported a copy of an annual publication, the Jahresbericht über die Leistungen und Fortschritte auf dem Gebiete der Neurologie und Psychiatrie. Like all such works it contains a full bibliography of the subject for the current year, in which the titles of books, medical journals, and articles are given in the original language. Of course, some of these titles referred to English and American works, so that the appraisers decided that the book was printed partly in English and therefore dutiable under the law! Soon some appraiser will decide that "a" and "die" are English words, wherever or however they may be used, which will enable the customs officials to collect a duty on every French, German, or Italian book.

PHILIP COOMBS KNAPP, M.D.

Boston, January 18.

ART COLLECTIONS FOR SMALL CITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I complain of the poverty of our small cities like Newburgh, for instance, with respect to collections of works of art? Neither painting, engraving, ceramics, nor architecture can be enjoyed or studied in any collection open to the public. If some of the money that streams towards libraries could be directed into this channel it would promote culture and confer the best sort of pleasure.

ISABELLE G. OAKLEY.

Newburgh, N. Y., January 19.

RETIRED OFFICERS FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I trust you will have a good word to say relative to utilizing the services of officers on the retired list, which is now being agitated in Congress. No one knows except those who have had the experience what it means to an active and capable man that on his sixty-fourth birthday he finds himself with nothing to do. Too old to take up new pursuits, he has outlived and broken all ties and associations formed before he entered the service, and the cemetery is about the only place open to him. Many of the officers of that class are very capable, have had long experience in responsible positions, and are of undoubted integrity. To those of us who have been busy all our lives, it is a great hardship to have nothing to do, and the army is losing the service of a large body of very capable men.

P. H. RAY,
Brigadier-General U. S. Army.

Youngstown, N. Y., January 18.

AN EXPLANATION FROM MR. FLEXNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret that absence from the city and other causes have postponed so long my noticing the objection which Dean Briggs has made in your columns to my interpretation of what he said in reference to the new method of examining students for admission to college. It is clear to me now that I have attributed to Dean Briggs a view that he was merely characterizing in phrases used by its partisans without his meaning in the passage cited either to approve or to condemn. I am very sorry, indeed, to have misunderstood his position. My criticism should have been directed altogether against the theory in question without saddling any responsibility for it on Dean Briggs.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER.

New York, January 30.

THE SENATE AND THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In estimating the forces that make up Mr. Roosevelt's unpopularity with the Senate, should not more emphasis be laid on the feeling of envy in that august body than was done in your editorial paragraphs of January 14 on that subject? Mr. Roosevelt has achieved at one bound, rather than by the usual long and laborious path, the popularity which all politicians aim at. He was originally a political accident, was never liked by politicians anyhow, did not pursue their methods, was a man of profound convictions—blurted out those convictions—and, worse than all, won the popular heart by demonstrating that he had a backbone—somewhat as Cleveland did—to the horror of professional politicians. I am not discussing the correctness of his political views, but I wish to call attention to his earnestness and manliness, his frankness and fearlessness. To the average wire-pulling, log-rolling, trimming, and compromising politician, such a character is

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inexpressibly hateful; there are few primaries in this land in which politicians would not instinctively join forces at sight to squelch such a dangerous and iconoclastic personage, and, per contra, there are few districts in which such a man would not be instantly taken up by the people and given the highest office at hand, provided he were brought to their notice. The gist of the situation is that Mr. Roosevelt is now shorn of all power, is practically a common citizen, but still the idol of the popular heart. Behind all the Senate's hostility lies the motive force of envy: really the greatest compliment under the circumstances possible. E. L. C. M.

Chicago, January 19.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s spring list includes the following titles: "Bill Truetell," by George H. Brennan; "The Delafield Affair," by Florence Finch Kelly; "Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons," a new collection of old tales of California, by Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes; a history and forecast of the Panama Canal, entitled "The World United," by John George Leigh; "Letters from China," by Sarah Pike Conger, wife of the late minister to China; "The Empire of the East," an illustrated description of Japan, by H. B. Montgomery; "A Summer in Touraine," an illustrated study of the châteaux of the Loire, by Frederick Lees; "A Summer Garden of Pleasure," by Mrs. Stephen Batson; "The Point of View," and "A Talk on Relaxation," by Alice K. Fallows; "Making the Most of Ourselves," by Calvin Dill Wilson; "True Manhood," by Cardinal Gibbons; two companion volumes, "The Art of Speech and Deportment" and "Selected Readings," by Anna Morgan; "The Railway Mail Service," by Clark E. Carr; "Jane Hamilton's Recipes," a book of old-time Virginian cookery, by Charlotte M. Poindexter; "What Is a Picture?" and "My Chums in Caricature," by Herschel Williams.

"Lincoln's Birthday" is celebrated by Moffat, Yard & Co., with an anthology of that name compiled by R. H. Schauffler. Harpers also will bring out a new and revised edition of the "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," containing recollections by such men as U. S. Grant, Henry Ward Beecher, Walt Whitman, Charles A. Dana, and Robert G. Ingersoll. The book was first prepared by A. T. Rice, when he was editor of the *North American Review*.

A new book of "Yale Verse," covering the period from 1898 to 1908, is to be issued by the Yale Publishing Association. It will contain selections from the undergraduate magazines, together with a number of university prize poems. It will be uniform in style with the volume of 1898.

We have received the fourth biennial edition (1909) of "Who's Who in New York City and State," edited by John W. Leonard and published by L. R. Hamersly & Co. It is made on the plan of the national "Who's Who," but owing to its restricted locality is able to include many names not in the more general work and to devote more space to minor details of biography.

Of the new English "Who's Who," for 1909 (The Macmillan Co.), there is nothing to say, save that the number of biographies has been again increased, and that for excellence of form and for general usefulness it still leads the other directories of which it is the model. The time must soon come, we suppose, when its growing bulk will make necessary the exclusion of all but British names. This could be done with less loss now that America, Germany, and France have their own guides.

"Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," for 1909 comes out in a new cover of blue and gilt, but is otherwise not changed in plan. By its lists of Titled Relatives it gives a complete survey of the families of the present nobility.

An eighth edition of J. G. Bartholomew's "Handy Reference Atlas of the World" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) contains several new plates and shows revision of the old maps. The lettering though necessarily small is clear. Some of the city maps, however, are scarcely detailed enough to serve any probable purpose. We observe, too, that Staten Island seems to have baffled the cartographist. In the general map of the Eastern States it is attributed to New York, while in that of the Eastern and Middle States (itself a useless duplication) it goes to New Jersey. Again in the map of New York city it is called only Richmond, though the other boroughs receive their local names.

Nearly one-third of the 686 pages of R. F. Foster's "Complete Hoyle" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is devoted to bridge and whist, and the rest to indoor games, including billiards and pool. Hoyle is probably more widely quoted than any other authority, and none is more fallible. Mr. Foster has, however, compiled the rules of all games in a systematic manner, and since he is second to none in this country in knowledge of the best way of playing the various games, his book will be valuable for reference. Hoyle, however, in this case, is merely a pseudonym nowadays. The original Hoyle would be absolutely worthless.

The progress of industrial education in this country is described by more than a score of its leaders in the January monograph in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Booker T. Washington contributes a summary of results and prospects. Carroll D. Wright reports on the work of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education. All the other articles deal with special problems or schools. Miss Mary Schenck Woolman's estimates of the relative value and cost of teaching various trades in a girls' trade school bring us information much wanted at the present stage. Her figures are largely drawn from the Manhattan Trade School, of which she is director. Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Columbus, and Manila institutions give account of themselves, likewise six schools conducted by private industrial corporations, stores, and labor unions. Too short and inconclusive, but in excellent spirit is the closing paper by John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America, on "The Position of Labor Unions Regarding Industrial Education." Mr. Golden cites instances to show that organized labor is no longer prejudiced against such teaching.

The emancipation of Mohammedan women is shown to be one of the most remarkable and encouraging results of the recent bloodless revolution in Turkey, by Miss Mary Mills Patrick, president of the American college for girls at Constantinople, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January. What the first use which they will make of their freedom will be is indicated by the fact that "there is no subject that is being discussed with greater interest and vigor in the Turkish press to-day than that of the education of women." For some time past they have been permitted to become teachers; a normal school at the capital called the "Home of the Lady Teachers" sends out annually a class of from sixty to one hundred graduates, while weekly lectures for women are given in the new Mohammedan Medical College in Constantinople. During the past twenty-five years there have been many women writers of poetry, romances, and works on philosophy, ethics, and religion. Three new reviews for them are now being published in Constantinople, and women's papers in other parts of the empire. Another noteworthy indication of the new spirit awakened in the empire is given in the same magazine by President H. S. Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. For three days, to celebrate the granting of the Constitution, there were assemblies of Jews, Christians, and Moslems in that wonderful sacred enclosure of the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, which has been for ages barred to all but followers of Mahomet.

Further evidence of the progress of the English language in the Philippine Islands, a matter remarked incidentally in an editorial in the *Nation*, November 19, 1908, p. 485, discussing the beginnings of a Filipino literature, is afforded by the appearance of a bilingual monthly, edited and published at Manila, under the double title *Biblioteca Nacional Filipina* (*Philippine National Library*) by Manuel Artigas, a Filipino; and by the publication of a weekly English edition of *Libertas*, a daily periodical of Manila, owned by the order of St. Dominic and published as the organ of St. Thomas University and of the Roman Catholic hierarchy at Manila. During the earlier period of American occupation, *Libertas* was bitterly, though rather covertly, anti-American, as spokesman both of Spanish feelings of resentment and of the friars' fears and prejudices. A change in its attitude followed soon after the Manila archbishopric was occupied by an American; it has for some time been "reconciled," and is now, indeed, in general, a supporter of "the establishment," civilly, as well as ecclesiastically. Its English edition will serve as an organ of American Catholics, to some degree; but there is also, as in the case of the English edition of *El Renacimiento*, the Filipino radical newspaper, a desire to reach out toward that new generation of English-speaking Filipinos, especially in the provinces, that the American schools are beginning to bring on the Philippine stage.

A new edition of "A History of the Philippines," by David P. Barrows, director of education under the Philippine government, has lately been issued, this time with the imprint of The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. At the time of its appearance in 1905, it was noticed in these columns

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(*Nation* of March 1, 1906, p. 177) as the best brief survey of Philippine history available in the English language. The book then attracted a good deal of attention, not because of its merits, but because it was assailed by Archbishop Harty and others in the Philippines and by the Catholic press of this country as being unfair to the Catholic Church in what was said of the Spanish friars and Jesuits in Philippine history. The fact of the matter is, the book is very fair, and is far more considerate of the friars and Jesuits than the most notable Spanish Catholic historians have been. Interested parties desired to oust Doctor Barrows from his position, and they employed Archbishop Harty and the American Catholic press to this end. It was represented that Doctor Barrows had used his position to introduce into Philippine schools this textbook, not only for his own profit, but with a view to "de-Catholicizing" the rising generation of Filipinos. The fact was, the book was written before he became director of the Philippine educational system, and, when it finally appeared, he declined to put it on the list of school texts, deeming such action improper, though his teachers desired to use it, as filling a place long vacant. To the demand that he withdraw the book from sale, a demand addressed to the War Department and transmitted to him by cable, without comment, he had the courage to answer that he would not do so. Now, in the second edition, he says:

I have carefully reviewed all these criticisms that came to my attention and have concluded that, almost without exception, the statements should remain as first presented. The book, therefore, appears again practically without alteration, except for the correction of typographical errors and the occasional modification of a paragraph.

Students of Spenser will welcome a convenient edition of "The Fowre Hymnes" (1596), of Love, of Beauty, of Heavenly Love, and of Heavenly Beauty, by Lilian Winstanley (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The introduction is a study of Spenser's debt in general to Plato, of the influence of Plato on these "simple songs," and of the influence of the renaissance Platonism of Marsilio Ficino and Giordano Bruno. This last influence, here treated more fully than in any previous commentary, is made especially apparent by numerous quotations and parallels. The notes, without being too minutely linguistic, clear up many of Spenser's archaisms. Chiefly, however, we are glad to have the poems themselves in this handy form, the only separate annotated edition available. Hardly in the splendors of the "Faerie Queene" itself do the enthusiasm and intensity of the poet's poet show more clearly or more significantly than in these throbbing stanzas.

"The Fool of Quality: or the History of Henry Earl of Moreland," a novel by Henry Brooke, very popular in the eighteenth century, is issued by the John Lane Co. in two volumes of "The New Pocket Library." The work first appeared in 1766 in five volumes, and ran through several editions. In 1780 John Wesley got out an abridgment in which he commended the work "as one of the most beautiful pictures that was ever drawn in the world." In 1859 again Charles Kingsley edited a two-volume edition, in which he praised the book as containing "more of that which is pure, sacred, and eternal than . . . any book published since Spenser's 'Faerie Queen.'" And now Francis Coutts in his preface to this new issue apostrophizes Brooke as a "great-hearted, wittty, worthy creature," whose volume is "gay and yet gracious; bright, yet profound; human, yet incorrupt; ideal, yet true."

The purpose of W. S. Monroe's "In Viking Land" (L. C. Page Co.) is "to give prospective tourists some notion of the benefits to be derived from a visit to Norway and to inform those who prefer (or are forced by circumstances) to travel within the covers of a book." This purpose the volume serves very well. The historical chapters and those on commerce, transportation, education, literature, etc., give just a minimum of information, while the descriptive offer a clear idea of the nature of the country and the life of its people. Special chapters are devoted to the three principal cities, Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhjem. There is an appendix of suggestions for travellers. The illustrations are an important feature, well selected and executed. The text reads too much like a translation. On page 73 there is a curious error (misprint?), when the author says that "on the 4th of November [1905] *Karl XIII*, second son of King Oscar, was offered the Norwegian throne."

The *Atlantis*, a Greek newspaper of this city, has had the enterprise to publish in modern Greek a complete history of the United States in one volume (Ἱστορία τῶν Ἡνομένων Πολιτειῶν τῆς Ἀμερικῆς). The authors, Solon I. Vlasto and Nikolas Gertzis, make no pretensions, we suppose, to be specialists in the historical field, but, so far as we have looked into their work, they seem to have constructed a clear and interesting narrative. The book may be recommended to classical Greek scholars, who desire to familiarize themselves with the modern idiom. The transliteration of the proper names will alone afford considerable amusement. Μεϋφλάουρ, Τζὼν Χάγκοκ, Μπώφφαλο, and Ρῶσβελτ, for instance, have a certain piquancy.

"Banzai" (Baker & Taylor Co.) is a German prophecy in the form of fiction of the great war between Japan and the United States that is due this year. It was commented upon in the *Nation* (July 23, 1908, p. 73), when it appeared in the original. The translator has done his work smoothly, but without quite ridding the text of a foreign flavor. He might have taken the liberty to change such names as John Halifax and Traddles, which sound unconvincing when applied to living people.

In the Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: Göschen) Wilhelm Kroll has just issued a compact though comparatively complete "Geschichte der klassischen Philologie." It is based upon the best of modern sources and is attractively written.

After the exceptionally long interval of ten years, the first volume of Robert Davidsohn's "Geschichte von Florenz" (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn) has been followed by the second, which, from a literary and artistic point of view, is fully equal to the first. This second volume of nearly thirteen hundred pages appears in two parts: the one entitled "Staufische Kämpfe," covering the period of 1209-1267; the second, "Die Guelfenherrschaft und der Sieg des Volkes," coming down to the establishment of democracy in 1295. The two parts fill nearly thirteen hundred pages. The author announces that the next volume is in preparation.

That monumental product of organized German scholarship, Hinneberg's "Die Kultur der Gegenwart" (Berlin: B. G. Teubner), has now reached the modern literatures, and the tenth part, just published, is concerned with the Romance and Celtic languages. Of the valuable summaries of Gaelic, Cymric, and Cornish, by Zimmer, Stern, and Kuno Meyer, it is unnecessary to speak, nor of Meyer-Lübke's competent survey of Romance philology. But special attention should be called to Prof. Heinrich Morf's sketch of the Romance literatures. In three hundred pages he has summed up, with admirable tact and intelligence, the literary history of France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from their origins to the present day, with a glance at Rumania and South America. His work, written with equal lucidity and insight, represents German scholarship at its best; and if separated from its less interesting context, would be admirably adapted for translation into English as a sketch of the great literatures of Western Europe.

The edition of German classics published by the Deutsche Verlagshaus Bong & Co. of Berlin and Leipzig, under the general title Hempelsche Klassiker-Ausgabe, is now being reissued in a revision entitled Goldene Klassiker-Bibliothek. The characteristic features of this edition are a critically correct text, excellent introductions and biographies, copious and well selected notes, with good portraits and facsimiles. The books are very well made, but are sold at the low cost of 1.50 marks a volume.

Heinrich Heine's "Memoiren" have just been published in a beautiful edition by Carl Curtius, Berlin. Wherever the fragmentary character of the materials leaves lacunæ the skilled editor and Heine specialist, Dr. Gustav Karpeles, has as far as possible supplied the data from the other writings of the poet.

Carl Reissner of Dresden has begun the publication of a new series of fiction under the general title Deutsche Novellen. Four volumes have appeared, containing the works of Frida von Bülow, Ottomar Enking, Wilhelm Jensen, and Marianne Mewis.

"Der Rosengarten deutscher Liebeslieder" is a comprehensive and well selected anthology, containing 628 pages of characteristic German love songs of all times, beginning with the Minnegesang and coming down to our day. Julius Zeitler edits and publishes the work in Leipzig. The old Minnesongs have been retained in their original Middle High-German garb.

In the Kieler Studien zur englischen Philologie, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen, the latest addition is a "literary investigation" under the title "Samuel Richardsons Belesenheit." The author is Dr. Erich Poetzsche.

In view of the fact that on July 10 the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin will be celebrated, special interest attaches to the selection of his letters, "Johannes Calvins Lebenswerk in seinen Briefen: Eine Auswahl von 670 Briefen Calvins in deutscher Uebersetzung," soon to be published by J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen. The translator is Rudolf Schwarz, and an in-

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troduction is supplied by Prof. Paul Wernle. The work will appear in two volumes. The compiler has selected from the 1,400 letters of Calvin found in the Corpus Reformatorum those which present all sides of the man. The professed aim of the work is to do for Calvin what Carlyle has done for Cromwell. The text is to be accompanied by short explanatory notes.

R. Eckart's "Hundert Stimmen aus vier Jahrhunderten über den Jesuitenorden" (Leipzig: J. G. H. Wigand) is an excellent collection of material from both sides of a great controversial question. Vol. I, 200 pages, is entitled "Der Jesuitenorden im evangelischen Urteil"; and Vol. II, 175 pages, "Der Jesuitenorden im katholischen Urteil." The author has evidently aimed to select from both churches only witnesses who are scholarly and fair-minded.

The angling library of the late John Gerard Heckscher of this city, to be sold by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company February 2, 3, 4, and 5, is said to be the largest but one in the United States, and quite the largest ever offered at public sale. It numbers 2,320 lots. Among the principal features of the collection are copies of all the editions of "The Compleat Angler," before 1824, including the rare first edition of 1653. Another uncommon book is Dame Julyans Barnes's "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," separated from Wynkyn de Wordes's 1496 edition of "Hawkyng, Huntyng and Fysschynge wyth an Angle." With this, the earliest English book on angling, stands the first American book, C. S. Rafinesque's "Ichthyologia Ohioensis," Lexington, Ky., 1820. Other important titles are: Mrs. T. Edward Bowdich's "The Fresh-Water Fishes of Great Britain," 1828-38; Phineas Fletcher's "Sicelides," 1631; P. Bleeker's "Atlas Ichthyologique des Indes Orientales Neerlandaises," with 420 colored plates; Marcus Elieser Bloch's "Allgemeine Naturgeschichte der Fische," with 432 hand-colored plates; and Richard Blomes's "The Gentleman's Recreation," with about 100 colored plates.

Charles Rockwell Lanman, professor of Sanskrit at Harvard University, and general editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, has been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres). He is the ninth American now holding that title.

The death is reported of "Hesba Stretton," a novelist who received her training under Dickens. Her real name was Sarah or Hannah Smith, although she was known in private life by her pseudonym. Among her many religious and philanthropic stories are: "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Hester Morley's Promise." "Half Brothers," "Carola," "Jessica's First Prayer," "Bede's Charity," "Soul of Honor," and "The Highway of Sorrow."

From Amalfi comes the report of the death of Ludwig Habicht, the popular novelist, at the age of seventy-six. Among his stories are "Der Stadtschreiber von Liegnitz," "Vor dem Gewitter," "Am Genfersee," and "Unter fremder Schuld."

Nikai Karasin, the Russian novelist and illustrator, has died at St. Petersburg in his sixty-eighth year.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA.

Race Adjustment: Essays on the Negro in America. By Kelly Miller. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $2.

Following the Color Line. By Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

Studies in the American Race Problem. By Alfred Holt Stone. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

Each of these volumes is a compilation of more or less detached articles, many of them previously published in magazines or prepared as occasional addresses, and in some instances already widely read and commented upon. None of the books, accordingly, attempts an orderly treatment of the negro problem, either as a whole or in any large aspect of it. There are wholesome differences in point of view, and some observable differences in the equipment of the authors. Taken together, however, the writers are singularly in accord in their efforts to describe conditions exactly as they are, and to indicate with precision as well as with good temper the main lines of progress and retrogression. The appearance of three such books in a single publishing season testifies again to the abiding popular interest in this our gravest, most difficult, and most complicated social problem.

Of the fundamental change which has taken place in the attitude of even thoughtful Americans toward the negro and his future, these volumes are an interesting evidence. So long as the events of the Civil War and Reconstruction were fresh in mind, the dominant political opinion of the country unhesitatingly affirmed the essential equality of the negro and white races, notwithstanding the wide difference in social development; urged the supreme efficacy of the ballot as a means of strengthening and preserving the newly conferred freedom; and dwelt upon the moral wrong of denying to the negro, especially in the South, equality of civil, political, and even social opportunity. That this ideal, however, whether as a whole or in many of its detailed features, has lamentably failed of realization, the most ardent believers in the social philosophy of Reconstruction have been forced to admit. The ballot, widely and avowedly withheld in large parts of the South by a variety of ingenious devices, has long since ceased to be for the average negro either a means of grace or the hope of glory. Instead of social equality we have social discrimination. The significant thing about all this is, not that it has happened, but that it has been so generally acquiesced in. For ten years and more there has been growing a volume of literature which either assumes, or affirms as a fact, the fundamental and eternal inferiority of the negro race, justifies the exclusion of members of that race from effective competition with whites, denies their fitness to vote or hold office, disparages their efforts to obtain an education, and apologizes for the brutal vengeance too often wreaked upon them for their real or fancied crimes. It is no longer fashionable to praise the virtues of the negro, save as a menial, nor is it entirely easy to be friendly to him, save through the medium of an impersonal organization.

Partly as a result of this ominous revulsion of feeling, but mainly as a thoughtful protest against its excesses, there has developed a new method of approaching the negro problem, of which the three books named above may be regarded as typical and worthy examples. Students have at last begun to realize the necessity of observing the negro as he is, without prejudice for or against him; of determining his racial status, his intellectual and moral qualities, his physical constitution and tendencies, his conduct in free contact with the whites, and his productive capacity as a worker. Where the older literature dealt with the negro in the mass, the newer deals with him individually or in small groups, and on both the economic and the political sides. Such inquiries concern themselves little with the "rights" or the "future" of the negro, but much with what he is actually doing. To paraphrase Booker T. Washington's happy remark, the tendency today is not to discuss whether or not the negro ought to be recognized, but rather to discover and make clear what he has done to entitle him to recognition.

Professor Miller of Howard University, for example, himself one of the most scholarly representatives of his race, discusses in his book such practical matters as the negro's part in the solution of the negro problem, the status of the city negro, the surplusage of negro women, the movement for industrial education, the contrasted opportunities for the negro in the North and in the South, the rise of negro professional men, and the careers of notable negroes. His protest against lynching, already familiar under the title of "An Appeal to Reason," enforced as it is by carefully-sifted statistics, is still one of the best and sanest discussions of that hideous, but unsolved question; while his exposure of the shallow pretence, gross prejudice, and underlying brutality of "The Leopard's Spots" and other of Dixon's frothings is as admirable for its calmness and good temper as for its thoroughness and skill. Professor Miller announces no programme and permits himself little generalization; but his patient and detailed examination of the facts of negro industrial and political life, and his quiet emphasis upon that which is hopeful

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and encouraging, compels belief that the negro, despite his admitted limitations, is steadily rising in the scale of civilization and justifying such freedom as is, however grudgingly, accorded to him.

Mr. Baker's attitude, on the other hand, is that of the experienced newspaper reporter, practised in observing closely and in following clues, skilled in choosing relevant and illustrative facts, accustomed to describing things as he sees them, but without marked sense of perspective. "Following the Color Line" is an attempt to discover and expose the facts regarding race discrimination and the reason for it, and to explain the attitude of the South, both black and white, towards race riots, lynching, and other less violent, but effective attacks upon negro individuals and negro communities in various parts of the country. Mr. Baker's conclusion that the white man rises against the negro whenever the negro comes, or appears likely to come, into effective economic or political competition with him, and that discrimination and denial of social equality, being grounded in a conviction of white superiority, are inevitable preventive checks applied to keep the races apart, is not, of course, novel; but the wealth of illustration which crowds his pages gives telling force to much of what he says.

Mr. Stone, who for several years has been known to a small circle as one of the most acute and painstaking students of negro conditions in the South, has made a volume out of a number of addresses and magazine articles, to which Prof. Walter F. Willcox adds three papers on negro criminality, census statistics of the negro, and the probable increase of the negro race in the United States. Mr. Stone is at his best in dealing with statistics and concrete economic conditions, and his studies of the negro in the cotton lands of the Yazoo delta have been recognized by economists as of prime importance. The paper on "The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem," first published in the *Atlantic* in May, 1903, and extensively commented on at that time, is a substantive contribution of permanent interest. In the field of agricultural labor, which he is apparently making his own, Mr. Stone can speak with authority; but in the broader field of social and political relations, he is less happy. His papers on "The Negro in Politics" and "Mr. Roosevelt and the Negro" are repetitious and inconclusive. As regards negro criminality, Professor Willcox finds "a large and increasing amount of negro crime . . . manifested all over the country," due to "defective family life, defective industrial equipment and ability in comparison with their competitors, increasing race solidarity among the negroes, and increasing alienation from the whites" (p. 474). To the extent to which the Southern whites minimize their own responsibility, or Northern whites ignore Southern conditions and the effect of Federal policy since the Civil War, each helps to perpetuate sectional antagonism.

All of these writers agree in approaching the study of the negro problem with open mind, in keeping close to facts and avoiding vague or sententious generalizations, and in attending to small details with patient care. Mr. Baker, more accustomed than the others to tilting a lance, frankly affirms the intellectual and moral unfrankness of the South in its attitude towards the whole question; but his volume, like the others, bears testimony to the evident, though painfully slow and irregular, progress of the better class of negroes in morals, education, economic efficiency, wealth, and political capacity. The one fact that stands out glaringly, however, in all these discussions is the well-nigh universal tendency, North as well as South, to discrimination against the negro as belonging to an inferior race. We are brought face to face with the as yet unsolved problem of democracy—the ability of a democratic society to comprehend within its spirit races essentially diverse. To this hard question neither writer ventures more than a hesitant answer, an expression of hope rather than of confident faith. They leave the educated and efficient negro where they find him—on trial before a changing and unsympathetic democracy.

CURRENT FICTION.

Heather. By John Trevena. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This book is the second of a moorland trilogy, begun with "Furze, the Cruel" (see the *Nation* of March 26, 1908, p. 387). Heather typifies endurance, and the last book is to deal with Granite as embodying strength. In spite of a certain crude power in the first of the series, "Furze," one was left wondering whether it would be possible for human ingenuity to construct a much more disagreeable book. "Heather" answers this question; it can be done, and Mr. Trevena has done it. After the present work, our faith in his dismal possibilities is unlimited. He may have a sense of humor and produce in "Granite" a thing of sweetness and light; but in this supposition the reader's hope and faith are not coöperative. "Heather" begins at a tomb, whence the scene shifts to a sanatorium for consumptives, an institution that, as portrayed by Mr. Trevena, savors strongly of an asylum for the insane. From this auspicious beginning the tale moves on consistently through disease, filth, madness, discouragement, and degradation indescribable of body and mind. By a final *tour de force*, Winnie Shazell, the personified Heather-spirit, is returned to her native moor and, supposedly, to happiness with George Brunacombe; but after almost five hundred pages of the ingredients specified above, one is inclined to meet the suggestion of a possibility of wholesome joy with incredulous apathy. The characters are for the greater part entirely unconvincing; Cruickshank at his wildest never conceived such a phantasmagoria of grim caricature. Their one great common bond is a strenuously dwelt upon aversion to personal cleanliness. Among them all only three are represented with a thoroughly sane and healthy outlook on life—Gregory Breakback, the clean-hearted peasant visionary; Tobias, the fox-terrier; and Bubo, the one-legged owl. One is compelled to believe that Mr. Trevena is endeavoring to set forth some great truth—no aim less potent could have sustained him through this grewsome task: the question is, What is he trying to tell?

The Adventures of a Nice Young Man. By Aix. New York: Duffield & Co.

The anonymity of this book really piques curiosity; for, unlike the general run of unacknowledged novels, it possesses exceptional qualities of style and temper. Its author is an observant spectator of the present, but his imagination turns for contrast and refreshment to the eighteenth century—to the time of the Queen Anne wits and moralists, to the time of Pamela, Joseph Andrews, and Dr. Primrose. It is a part of the interesting reaction, of which William De Morgan's books are also a part, against the self-consciousness, the small realism, the unhealthy psychologizing of the "new literature." The success with which "Aix" has laid off the new literary man and put on the old is remarkable; he has not only achieved a fluent, humorous, easy-chair style of the eighteenth century—we need not say exactly whose—but he has assumed also, with equal happiness, its moralizing and humanistic spirit.

The special novelty of the book is that it holds this antique literary mirror up to contemporary life in New York. The hero and narrator is a young man of to-day whose youth was nourished on Latin and Greek and the English classics by an almost extinct type of scholarly clergyman in an out-of-the-way place. Like an adventurer from another age, he enters the metropolis to seek his fortune. His ideas of religion and morals hark back to Pope and Bolingbroke; his notions of polite society to Congreve and Dryden. He steps into literary circles where Fanny Burney is mistaken for a living author and Fielding for a contemporary of "rare Ben Jonson." His scraps of Horace and Molière cause a raising of eyebrows. In many other re-

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spects, however, he finds the modern world similar to that which Tom Jones knew. It is a pity that so dashing a piece of bravura was not more vigorously sustained. In the latter part of the novel the initial mimetic impulse seems to flag, and the piquant personality of the hero subsides rather disappointingly into that of the author. Furthermore, the narrative, episodic enough throughout, is artificially broadened toward the end, checked, and overburdened by the serious satirical purpose. As a result, the work is notable neither in structure nor in characterization. Its interest lies very largely in the archaic literary flavor and the peculiar play of the comic spirit over the selfishness, the vanity, the feverish business, the smug absorption in the present, the superficial culture of present-day Americans. The satire hits many marks, but it is singularly genial and entertaining; it strikes with a kind of old-fashioned wit and antique urbanity.

The Tramping Methodist. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. London: George Bell & Sons.

The first pages of this story give signs of its being a novel of theology and dogma. The time is eight years or so after the death of Wesley. The Methodists had seceded from the Established Church, Methodism was in bad repute, and the tramping preacher ran no small chance of ill-usage. Humphrey Lyte was born into a family of debased churchmen. Doctrine might be rigid, but life was lax, and the little boy underwent a quite theatrical amount of cruelty before experiencing instant conversion from reading à Kempis. Later, his yearning for a more frequent administering of the Sacrament than the easy-going parishes of his neighborhood afford, turns him from being "loyal churchman and devout Sacramentalist" to Methodism. The final impulse is furnished him by a happy falling in with a saintly Methodist trio of friends, a father and daughter, and a famous ragged, wandering preacher, a man of "two loves, God and Nature, and two books, the Bible and the green earth." Just as the reader has settled to the expectation of a novel of creeds, a wind blows through the pages and the hero, preacher though he is, proves to be a gypsy of gypsies. His mission is to save souls and it takes deep hold of him. But Nature comforts him in all his wrestlings of spirit, and in his profound personal sorrows. With him, the reader does a bit of road wandering that Stevenson might have prompted.

And now begins the fermenting of a real plot in a good old English way. It deals with past injuries and present vengeances; with faithful love and loyal self-sacrifice; with treachery, murder, and sudden death; with foul prison life, and freedom on Sussex downs; with fervent religious faith, even to the brink of martyrdom, and rescue by the arm of the Lord. The whole is almost a revival of the novel of an older day; rather, perhaps, a combination of several time-honored models. It has a foundation of theology, an atmosphere of "Lavengro," but a "Lavengro" less occupied with towns and more with rivers, skies, dewy mornings, and the songs of birds; it has a touch, too, of the hero-villain-and-mystery manner of "Smugglers and Foresters." After the slight preliminary depression, after dogma has yielded to piety, it is a story of real substance and interest, in a vein uncommon now, a welcome return to dignified ways of fiction.

The Letters of Jennie Allen to Her Friend Miss Musgrove. By Grace Donworth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

These letters are a strictly domestic product of a type sufficiently established to require no protective tariff. A New England woman, who lives in her brother's large and tumultuous family and makes her living by sewing on "rappars," writes voluminously to a friend and unfolds the heart and hearth affairs of herself, her family, and her neighborhood. She is "a woman without nerves" and with a capacious heart, and is disclosed by the march of her pen as a humble instrument of Providence in making crooked things straight and rough things smooth. There is not a kind action or a blunder in spelling that Jennie Allen does not profusely practise. From spoiling her little nieces and nephews to reuniting parted lovers runs the range of her altruism. Her letters are written in the quintessence of dialect made up of New England, Pomona of Rudder Grange, and Jeames Yellowplush. At lamentable moments some deplorable punning and other lapses from taste pull the book down below even its own moderate level. But with those drawbacks there is diversion of a plain, amiable, ragcarpetty sort between its covers.

Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino: Illustrating the Arms, Arts, and Literature of Italy, 1440-1630. By James Dennistoun of Dennistoun. A new edition, with notes by Edward Hutton; illustrated. 3 vols. New York: John Lane Co.

"As for the corruptions and moths of history, which are epitomes, the use of them deserveth to be banished as all men of sound judgment have confessed." So wrote Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning"; and his great rival Coke, showed himself of the same opinion:

> This I know, that abridgments in many professions have greatly profited the authors themselves; but as they are used, have brought no small prejudice to others; . . . . for I hold him not discrete that will *sectari rivulos,* when he may *petere fontes.*

Such was the counsel of two great Elizabethans, and who shall gainsay it? Yet the author who would follow it, not only in his own researches but also in his manner of writing, can hardly hope for his reward from the general reader; and we are, therefore, not surprised that James Dennistoun's learned "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino" has reached only its second edition, after a lapse of well nigh sixty years. That he spared neither time nor labor, that he made himself acquainted with all available original sources, that he examined innumerable manuscripts in half the libraries of Central Italy, that his work is sound and scholarly and honest—all these things have profited him little with the public, because he is too full, too exhaustive, and too prolix. For years to come, his book will probably continue to form one of the principal quarries, from which historians of the houses of Montefeltro and Della Rovere must hew much of their most valuable material, but it has found and, we fear, will always find, even in its new dress, but a limited circle of readers. Its great and abiding usefulness is as a work of reference.

And this is a fact which Mr. Hutton has consistently borne in mind. Except for the correction of such errors as were obviously due to oversight and the occasional transfer to the footnotes of digressions which unpardonably interrupted the narrative, he has wisely left the text of his author untouched. His business lay with the notes; and his notes are precisely what notes to such a work should be. It would be difficult to imagine anything better. Crammed with references to all the latest Italian authorities, they form an extraordinarily complete catalogue of the literature of the subject, and have brought Dennistoun entirely up to date. The index, too, is remarkably full and accurate, and it is no exaggeration to assert that, thanks to its editor's unselfish industry and zeal, the value of the book has been more than doubled. Mr. Hutton has done excellent work before in more than one field of literature, but he has never yet done anything for which the serious student of things Italian will feel so profoundly grateful.

A special feature of this new edition is its illustrations, some of which, such as the portraits of "Giulia Diva" and Cesare Borgia, from contemporary medals, now in the British Museum, are of a more than superficial importance. The pictures, over a hundred in number, have been selected to reflect the spirit of the book, which flings its arms wide and embraces many things besides the Counts and Dukes of Urbino. Accord-

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ingly, in addition to almost all existent portraits of the Montefeltro and Della Rovere Dukes, their Duchesses and courtiers, the artists and men of letters, with whom they surrounded themselves, we have a large number of pictures illustrating the fashions of the period, the manner of dressing the hair, the wearing of jewels, and so forth. In a word, both publisher and editor have done everything in their power to make the work as useful, as attractive (and, dare we say, as popular?) as its nature will permit it to become.

Naval Administration and Warfare: Some General Principles, with Other Essays. By A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

While every product of Capt. Mahan's fertile pen deserves careful reading, this latest collection of essays possesses the added merit of exceptional timeliness through the initial articles, "Principles of Naval Administration" and the "United States Navy Department." Written five years ago, they discuss calmly and with judicial detachment the questions of organization and method recently forced upon public attention by the now famous Reuterdahl strictures in *McClure's Magazine* and the equally famous Newport Conference. In this fog it is to the deliberate expressions of thoughtful students like Mahan that we should look for guidance, rather than to somewhat hysterical charges and personal recriminations which stir up bad blood without materially advancing our knowledge.

In these papers, Capt. Mahan goes briefly over the history of the Navy Department from its original constitution with a Secretary and one clerk in 1798 to its present form (established in 1842), with a Secretary and several bureaus. The number of the latter was fixed at eight in 1862. It is among these eight offices that the Secretary distributes his public business under a law which grants him absolute discretion. He could, if he so desired, direct the Bureau of Steam Engineering to build guns and that of Construction and Repair to build engines. It follows that, the Secretary being abundantly able to organize the Navy Department after his own fashion, if anything be wrong therein the fault lies primarily at his own door, and not with Congress, which has done its full duty in devolving upon him this very responsibility. The way to reforms, then, is not through fresh enactments, but, rather, through more competent secretaries.

Two articles follow on the war between Japan and Russia. They are interesting as giving, first, a careful study of the strategical lines along which the campaign was certain to develop, and, second, the proof, through the event, of the soundness of the forecast. Intellectually, Capt. Mahan is here at his best. We must regret, however, a trick of lapsing into ponderous and turgid diction, no true reflection of the clarity of his mental processes. Noting, with disapproval, the dispersion of the Russian naval forces at the outbreak of hostilities, he draws the warning, for us, to keep our battleships together. No matter where they may be, far or near, they are formidable in direct proportion to their concentration.

The space at our command forbids discussion of all the other papers in this volume, but those relating to the Pacific cruise cannot be passed over. There was no necessity for Capt. Mahan's attributing to the critics of this move "a campaign of misrepresentation" in which "an obvious and perfectly sufficient reason for this cruise" was "ignored in favor of one less probable and *so far as knowledge went, non-existent*" [the italics are ours]. These last words and the guarded manner in which he qualifies his definition, as "a measure designed *upon its face* [the italics ours] to reach a practical solution" of an important technical problem, suggest a deeper and a hidden motive. If the inner history of this modern Odyssey is ever made public, it will undoubtedly transpire that the movement was originally planned in strategic preparation for an eventuality which, at the time (the spring of 1907) seemed not impossible; that, when the news of the contemplated voyage leaked out, the immediate result was to arouse grave suspicions of its real purpose abroad and downright consternation at home; that the ensuing tangle of confession and denial left us at last in such a position as to make advance and retreat almost equally ridiculous; that, as the best way out the mess, the transfer of our fleet to the Pacific was ordered under the guise of "a practice cruise"; that what would have been a startling move, if made without warning in March, 1907, became, through the delay till December of that year (most happily for all concerned) a peaceful round of international visiting; and that, save in learning better economy in the use of fuel, and in accustoming officers and men to rely less upon dockyards and more upon their own resources, the cruise has been largely devoid of professional education. Indeed, the itinerary has rendered evolutions in general and battle tactics in particular quite inadmissible. In this connection the list of questions posed by Capt. Mahan, such as where to coal, the amount required, how to get it to the points selected, the availability of certain estuaries and stretches of the ocean for this object, could as easily have been answered from the knowledge already in the possession of the authorities in Washington. In fact, many of the questions were so answered, as the excellent arrangements made in advance for replenishing empty bunkers and storerooms abundantly proves. Of course, something has been gained by the demonstration that these arrangements were found efficient, but, on this point, no reasonable doubt could ever exist. Had the experiment been tried under the conditions which govern in time of actual warfare, its value would have been very great; but these conditions were in no case simulated. In view of the fact that the commander-in-chief, Admiral Evans, was unfortunately incapacitated by serious and at times alarming illness from going on deck, more than a very few times, after leaving the West Indies, and that his duties were necessarily performed in his name by others, who rendered faithful and loyal service, it is surprising that Capt. Mahan would have us "recognize explicitly the indebtedness of the nation" to Admiral Evans.

The Bernstorff Papers. The Life of Count Albrecht von Bernstorff. By Dr. Karl Ringhoffer; translated by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $6 net.

This English version of "Im Kampfe für Preussens Ehre" puts before us, in a less inflated style than that of the original, the public career of a typical German diplomat. Count Bernstorff played some part in domestic politics. Like Hohenlohe and others, he was among those who early sighed for German unity, though with not a glimmering of the fiery furnace in which Bismarck was to forge it. Bernstorff had a brief experience in the Prussian ministry, but his chief title to remembrance is as a representative of his country at Naples, Paris, Munich, Vienna, and, longest and most important of all, London. The latter city was the scene at once of his chief trials and his main triumphs. He was there through the Crimean War and also during the war with France in 1870. In that year, by getting off to German warships prompt warning of impending hostilities, he saved them from probable destruction by the French. Throughout the contest, he played a useful part. To his hands fell the abortive negotiations with the Empress Eugenie, under Bismarck's direction, when that statesman was looking about, after Sedan, for some one to treat with. Yet little new light is thrown by these volumes upon that episode. Count Bernstorff's official correspondence, as here given, was icily regular, diplomatically null. The really interesting things are the private letters of Countess Bernstorff. Her accounts of family affairs, with her comments upon ministers of state, ambassadors, and royalties, public ceremonies, balls, en-

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tertainments at Windsor, etc., can be read with mild pleasure.

Count Bernstorff's son, whose birth in London is here recorded, has just assumed his duties as German Ambassador to the United States.

Science.

Ruwenzori: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. By Filippo De Filippi. F. R. G. S.; with a preface by H. R. H., the Duke of the Abruzzi. Pp. xvi+408. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $8 net.

The expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi to Ruwenzori, anciently known as the Mountains of the Moon, was in some important respects without a parallel in the annals of African exploration. Though the range was accurately described by Ptolemy as mountains "whose snows feed the lakes, sources of the Nile," its existence has been doubted in modern times, since European travellers have been close to it without seeing it—owing to the extraordinary opacity of the atmosphere which often makes it invisible even in fair weather. On May 24, 1888, the range was discovered by Stanley, who gave it its present name—the one among many native names by which it was most widely known. Since that time there have been partial explorations of the region, but it was left for the Duke of the Abruzzi, who had already attained a leading place among explorers, by his ascent of Mt. St. Elias and his Polar expedition, to solve the mystery still hanging over the snow-clad peaks. With ten European companions, he left Naples April 16, 1906, and so wonderfully have the transportation facilities increased in east Africa by railway, steamer, and well-built roads that the place chosen for his headquarters camp, nearly a thousand miles from the coast and at an altitude of 12,461 feet, was reached in fifty-four days. Ten years ago, this journey would have taken more than a year. It was a singularly uninviting spot, so drenched with the nearly continuous rain that it was difficult to light a fire or to get fuel. In the ensuing five weeks ascents were made of sixteen of the ice peaks of the six mountains constituting the range. This gave the knowledge requisite to describe the general formation of the line of watershed, the configuration of the mountains, the relative height of the different peaks, their connection with the several valleys, and the extent and position of the glaciers. Astronomical, geological, and meteorological observations were taken and collections were made of the minerals, fauna, and flora of the region. In the 337 different species of plants collected, sixteen were found to be new genera and seventy-one new species; while the 106 new genera, species, and sub-species in the zoölogical collection make a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the African fauna. Many of the known species also in the collection had never been recorded in this part of Africa. The chief geographical result of the expedition was the demonstration of the fact that the range is composed of six masses, each mountain having several peaks set on a curve, the long axis of which runs north and south. The central group was named appropriately Stanley, the other five, Speke, Baker, Emin, Gessi, and Prince Luigi. To the untiring energy of the leader, seconded by the zeal and ability of his companions, the great success of the expedition may justly be attributed.

The account is not by the Duke or either of his associates, but by Cav. Filippo De Filippi, his companion on and narrator of a previous exploration. He has made such a judicious use of the notes and journals furnished him that it is difficult to conceive that he was not an eye-witness of the scenes which he describes so graphically. The first part of the volume narrating the incidents of the journey from the coast, and especially the account of Entebbe, the principal town of Uganda, has the greatest general interest. The details of the exploration work and of the numerous ascents, very similar in character as to perils braved and difficulties overcome, to which the main part is devoted, cannot be made entertaining. We except, however, the account of the ascent of the highest peak. When the Duke and his three Swiss guides reached the top:

> They emerged from the mist into splendid clear sunlight. At their feet lay a sea of fog. An impenetrable layer of light ashy-white cloud drifts, stretching as far as the eye could reach, was drifting rapidly northwestward. From the immense moving surface emerged two fixed points, two pure white peaks sparkling in the sun with their myriad snow crystals. These were the two extreme summits of the highest peaks. The Duke of the Abruzzi named these summits Margherita and Alexandra, "in order that, under the auspices of these two royal ladies, the memory of the two nations may be handed down to posterity—of Italy, whose name was the first to resound on these snows in a shout of victory, and of England, which in its marvellous colonial expansion carries civilization to the slopes of these remote mountains." It was a thrilling moment when the little tricolor flag, given by H. M. Queen Margherita of Savoy, unfurled to the wind and sun the embroidered letters of its inspiring motto, "Ardisci e Spera" (Dare and Hope).

The work of the translator from the Italian, Caroline De Filippi (born Fitzgerald), is admirable. The reproductions of the splendid photographs, nearly 200 in number, by a member of the expedition, Cav. Uff. Vittorio Sella, make the volume one of the most sumptuous books of travel within our knowledge. The wonderful beauty of the representations of the forests and the superb panoramic views of the range it is impossible to describe. In addition to the mountain scenes there are many pictures of the natives. In three appendixes are given the main scientific results of the expedition. There are five maps and an excellent index. We are glad to call attention to the fact that "the royalties on the sale of this book will be given to a Fund for the Relief of Italian Emigrants."

In his "Pulmonary Tuberculosis and Its Complications" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.), a handsome volume of nearly eight hundred pages, Prof. S. G. Bonney of Denver has the medical man, practitioner or student, in mind, and gives much space to purely clinical and practical matters. In the sixth part, particularly in its first fifty pages, however, there is a good deal of general interest for the intelligent layman as to safeguarding the community and the individual. A little further on there is an instructive discussion of the limitations of sanatoria. As to therapeutic measures, the attitude of the author is commendable, and he very properly protests against extending to pulmonary patients the principles of "physiological economy" in feeding, as some with more zeal than wisdom have recently proposed to do. Concerning current discussions of the importance of bovine tuberculosis, Bonney holds that the practical danger to man fully justifies vigorous measures for its extinction. Here, as elsewhere, the complete absence of reference to the literature makes it difficult for the student to appreciate the sources of the conclusion. The theory of Von Behrendt is mentioned, but we fail to find the fuller discussion of it which p. 35 seems to promise. The last chapter of all contains at some length the author's personal experience with bacterial vaccines, concerning which his conclusions are decidedly cautious, although not altogether negative. Among the numerous illustrations are more than sixty very instructive X-ray pictures (why not Roentgenotypes?) which would be yet more helpful if a clear picture of quite normal conditions were given for comparison.

The "Encyclopädie der mathematischen Wissenschaften mit Einschluss ihrer Anwendung" (Leipzig: Teubner), which was begun about ten years ago as the joint product of the Academies of Sciences in Göttingen, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna, and which is edited by Felix Klein and Conrad Müller, has now reached its fourth volume, entitled "Mechanik." The first part, a book of more than seven hundred pages, has been issued. The first three volumes treated of pure mathematics.

The death is reported from England of George Gore, a writer on scientific subjects and especially electro-metallurgy. He was born in Bristol in 1826, but most of his life was spent at Birmingham, where, for a time he was lecturer in chemical and physical science at King Edward's School.

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His investigations of hydrofluoric acid and the fluorides, definitely proving the analogy of these compounds with those of chlorine, are well known to chemists; and in 1865 he was elected to the Fellowship of the Royal Society, in recognition of the value of his work. In 1877 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University of Edinburgh as an acknowledgment of his services to science. Some years later he declined the offer of a knighthood, but in 1891 he accepted a civil list pension. In addition to his contributions to the publications of scientific societies, his writings include: "The Art of Scientific Discovery" (1878) "The Art of Electro-Metallurgy," "The Electrolytic Separation and Refining of Metals" (1890), "The Scientific Basis of Morality," and "The New Scientific System of Morality."

The death is announced of Josef Maria Pernter, professor of meteorology and geology in the University of Vienna. He was born in 1848 at Neumarkt, Tyrol, in 1864 became a novitiate in the Society of Jesus, taught in various institutions, and in 1882 accepted a place in the Central Meteorological Institute of Vienna. Later he was made a professor in the university. He wrote largely on his subject, his chief work being "Meteorologische Optik," 1901-6.

Drama.

If "The Dawn of a To-morrow," the new play by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, which was produced in the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, is not a very powerful or logical demonstration of the direct intervention of a divine providence in human affairs, it is, at any rate, more wholesome in sentiment than most recent pieces professing to deal realistically with the extremes of life, and tells an interesting though entirely conventional, unreal, and theatrical story. It is imitative in motive, incident, and character, and somewhat vague in purpose, but is adroitly put together, contains some effective scenes, and is likely to prove popular. Apparently it is intended to suggest the intimate relationship between what it calls the "new thought" and the orthodox faith in the potency of prayer, but it is too full of trite sensation and sentiment to merit much serious attention on either the scientific or religious side. The main theme of it is the mental, spiritual and physical regeneration of a once powerful and brilliant baronet, now seemingly in an advanced stage of paresis, through the agency of a feminine waif, who, by diverting his thoughts into new channels, giving him a new object in life, and inspiring him with her own simple trust in some mysterious, unseen guardianship, effects a cure which science had declared to be impossible. Unfortunately, the source of the providential interventions, which enable the ragged heroine to emerge triumphantly from various melodramatic trials and perils, may be traced so easily to the wire-pulling dramatist that happy coincidence no longer seems miraculous. Nevertheless, the story is an effective one for the stage.

The "Kassa" of John Luther Long, which Mrs. Leslie Carter has produced, at great cost, in the Liberty Theatre of this city, is offered as a poetic and allegorical romance, founded on the story of a Broken Butterfly in the ancient Hunnish "Book of the Dragon of Care," but is, in fact, one of the most violent, empty, and silly melodramas seen here in a decade. It is crammed with all sorts of absurd extravagances, sentimental claptrap, and ridiculous anachronisms. Kassa, a lovely princess and destined vestal, flees the cloister with a royal lover, who betrays her with a mock marriage, and then deserts her. She is then pursued by an amatory imperial chancellor, who threatens to have her false lover executed for sacrilege, if she will not secure his pardon by self-surrender. In the end she returns to the convent, thinking that she has passed through an evil dream. Doubtless the piece is intended to have a poetic and parabolic significance, but its construction is so crude, its personages and incidents so unreal, and its dialogue so commonplace that its meaning is unimportant. Regarded simply as a vehicle for the display of lurid and volcanic emotion, it may fulfil temporarily the purpose of Mrs. Carter, who provoked loud applause by her customary demonstrations of a passion which too often degenerated into frenzied rant. She no longer possesses the physical qualifications for a character of this sort, and her acting, though marked by a certain technical proficiency, has no intellectual or spiritual message. The piece is mounted splendidly.

Readers of the magazine *Der Türmer*, who have occasionally met in its pages aphorisms on life and art by Ludwig Fahrenkrog, the artist who has provoked much discussion by his heads of Christ, will not be surprised to see the announcement of a drama from his pen, "Baldur" (Stuttgart: Greiner & Pfeiffer; imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.).

Music.

The Story of Musical Form. By Clarence Lucas. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Musical Forms. By Ernest Pauer. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 75 cents.

To enjoy music, it is no more necessary to understand its structure than it is to know botany in order to appreciate flowers. Yet the study of botany and of the anatomy of music is likely to call attention to many beautiful details that might otherwise escape attention. Most books on musical forms are, unfortunately, so technical, so dry, so crammed with details, that the general reader shuns them. For this reason one must welcome Mr. Lucas's volume, which is not a text book, but an attempt to tell cultivated readers who are interested in good music some interesting and suggestive things about the art of composition. Students also will find it useful, because it is always an advantage to get a bird's-eye view of a subject before undertaking a systematic examination of details. Having held a position in this country as a professor of musical composition and history and had a varied experience in England as composer, conductor, and author, Mr. Lucas has secured that thorough mastery of his subject which enables him to write about it in a light, gossipy fashion. He further holds the reader's attention by an abundance of modern instances and references to the works of composers now popular.

There is no attempt to exalt form above substance, such as one usually finds in books on this subject:

> Form is the servant; ideas are the master. The function of form the servant is to help ideas the master to a better expression.

Mr. Lucas endorses and applies Herbert Spencer's doctrine that the chief function of the brain is feeling, not intellect: "the greater the brain, the more feeling." Holding this opinion, he naturally assigns a high place to composers whose works are preëminently emotional, among them Wagner, Liszt, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, regardless of their attitude toward traditional form. Pedants will stone him for what he says regarding Mozart and Saint-Saëns, yet every word is true:

> When the sonata form was new, Mozart put many compositions on paper that are of the slightest possible value except as excellent examples of balanced sonata form. . . . Probably not one young composer in a hundred would prefer Mozart's D-minor piano concerto to Saint-Saëns's G-minor concerto for the same instrument. Why must Mozart's be held up as the standard, and Saint-Saëns's as the irregularity? If we accept the latter work as the standard, then Mozart's is irregular. The fact is that neither is standard and neither is irregular. Any form that serves the composer adequately to express his thoughts is a good form.

A number of illustrations and facsimiles are scattered through the volume in a somewhat haphazard fashion.

Many details missing in Mr. Lucas's sketch may be found in Ernest Pauer's treatise, which is a text book for students. The first edition was printed thirty years ago, and in this new edition no attempt has been made to bring the remarks on programme music and Italian and on German opera up to date. These, however, take up only a few of the pages; the rest of the book, being concerned with forms established for generations, called for no revision. The variety of these forms is bewildering; of the sacred and secular forms of vocal music alone, Professor Pauer discusses fifty-five. He also devotes chapters to the national dances, mediæval and modern, illustrating his remarks with copious citations in musical type. When the student has mastered the contents of this volume, he will be ready for Riemann's "Kompositionslehre."

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The concerts of the Philharmonic Society to be held Friday and Saturday evenings at Carnegie Hall will commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who was from 1846 an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society.

The third symphony concert for young people will be given in Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, January 30, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. The programme will show the influence of legends on symphonic music, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the soloist, playing pieces by Mendelssohn and Chopin.

Art.

Herculaneum, Past, Present, and Future. By Charles Waldstein and Leonard Shoobridge. 48 plates. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

We have heard so much of Herculaneum in recent years, so many conflicting opinions regarding the importance of excavating the site have been voiced, that a book was distinctly needed giving an exact survey of present knowledge—such as a collection of data regarding the history of Herculaneum and the circumstances of its destruction, a full account of the excavations on the site during the past centuries, and a description of the objects found. A book presenting such material in concise and accurate form would have been more than welcome. "Herculaneum, Past, Present, and Future" is a work of a somewhat different nature. It contains, indeed, a number of chapters on the topography, the inhabitants, and the history of Herculaneum since the eruption, as well as some useful appendixes, passages from ancient authors referring to Herculaneum, a bibliography, a plan of the villa, etc. But the main object of the book is the publication of Professor Waldstein's scheme for an international excavation of Herculaneum. It might have been thought that the rejection of his plan by the Italian government in the spring of 1907 would have definitely ended his campaign. That supposition, it seems, was vain. This book reiterates the history of the various controversies on the subject and gives us an account of Professor Waldstein's travels through Europe and America, as well as of his correspondence with ministers, ambassadors, chancellors, and others. That this material is unique no one will dispute, but its scientific value to the world is not quite evident.

Another feature of the book is the presentation of Dr. Waldstein's advice as to the best ways and means for carrying on the excavation. A vivid picture is drawn of what an ideal excavation of Herculaneum should be. In Dr. Waldstein's opinion:

> While all the experimental and mechanical sciences have within the last few generations been improved and have kept pace with all the discoveries of modern times, archæological excavation has remained in the cross-bow stage as compared with the modern repeating rifle.

Moreover, he thinks that "it is not only important to excavate, but also to preserve the monuments and objects which have been excavated," apparently implying that this sentiment is peculiarly his own and not generally shared by other excavators. Had these statements been written twenty years ago, they would hardly have been true; but it would seem that no one familiar with excavations carried on at the present time in Greece, Crete, and Egypt could fail to be impressed with the intelligent and up-to-date methods adopted for the actual digging, the careful manner of keeping accurate records (sometimes with an elaborate system of photographing each layer as it is found), and the manifold contrivances to preserve the various finds. Every one will admit with the author that the circumstances and methods of the Argive Heraion excavations were unfortunate; but, happily for the science of archæology, this case is not typical. If it were, our methods of excavation would indeed "require complete revision and reform."

There are different opinions regarding the expectations we should entertain from a complete excavation of Herculaneum. But even those who think that our future finds there will be at least on the level of the rich harvest derived from the Herculaneum villa will hardly go so far as to propose that the energies of the whole world should be concentrated on this one site to the neglect of others. And yet Professor Waldstein, in the scheme which he has so picturesquely mapped out, proposes to have at Herculaneum a staff of one hundred archæologists and other experts, together with a number of associates, and apparently an army of workmen. The facilities which he would afford to these excavators are royal, but we cannot help thinking that if the world can suddenly be made to show such an intense interest in archæology, we should like to use these generous gifts to the best advantage, and instead of presenting a spectacular show at one place, help on the work at other equally important sites. For, though the finds at Herculaneum have been both numerous and exceptionally well preserved, we must not forget that, even if often derived from Greek originals, they are almost entirely of Roman workmanship, and that there are many sites in Greece, in the islands, and in Asia Minor, where we may look for genuine Greek works of the first importance, or perhaps the solutions of some of the problems of prehistoric and early Greek archæology.

Besides the chapters mentioned above, which deal with the historical side of the subject, and which we understand are mainly due to the industry of Mr. Shoobridge, the book has another merit—a remarkably rich series of illustrations. It is therefore a pity that there is not included a general chapter on the art of Herculaneum, with a short discussion of the more important pieces found there.

The literary style is uneven, as is natural in a case of joint authorship. The English is poor in places and the sentences are often involved; for example:

> Even without the destructive hand of man, envious Time of itself sees that its own soul of change should feed on the death of the spirit of each age of man, and on his works, perennial as bronze, on which he has imprinted his living spirit.

The series known as Hausschatz deutscher Kunst der Vergangenheit, published for the Allgemeine Lehrerverein of Düsseldorf by Fischer & Franke of Berlin, has lately added two numbers to its reproductions. One is entitled "Aus den Kupferstichen Daniel Chodowieckis," by S. Rüttgers, with forty-two plates; and the other, "Die Kleinmeister; Auswahl aus dem Werk der Kupferstecher nach Dürer," by the same editor, with thirty-four plates. The illustrations, especially those of Chodowiecki, are well selected, and all are well reproduced. This series is, considering the low price (1.20 marks), one of the best of the many now being published in Germany.

Among the new books recently published in Christiania none is of more general interest to the world of art and letters outside of Scandinavia than "I Kamp og i Fest" ("Fighting and Feasting"), "stories about himself and others," selected from Fritz Thaulow's papers, and edited by his widow (Copenhagen, Christiania, and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.). To those who are interested in Fritz Thaulow's personality almost all of these stories will be significant. American readers will find a special interest in the papers dealing with his trip to America, some years ago, to act as judge at the art exhibition in Pittsburgh. It is to be regretted that the editing and the proofreading has been so carelessly (or ignorantly) done. The closing paper, entitled "Literature-Painting, Literature-Music, and Literature-Dancing," written on the occasion of the Rembrandt celebration in the Amsterdam Rijks Museum, must be regarded as Thaulow's artistic will

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and testament. Though unfinished, it will appeal to all admirers of Thaulow's art. A carefully edited and annotated translation of a selection from this volume might find a considerable public in America.

The superintendent of museums and monuments, Prof. Antonino Salinas of Palermo, reports that the most important picture of the collection, the altar-piece, by Antonello da Messina, has been found in the ruins of the Museum of Messina. The central painting, the Madonna Enthroned, signed and dated 1473, was found almost uninjured, but falling stones had broken the wings and the upper panels, although their principal parts were preserved. This fine work had previously been much injured. Three valuable Flemish paintings also were recovered, and strangely enough, over seventy specimens of vases from the mediæval potteries of Urbino and Faenza, and seven cases of artistic silver. It is also officially stated that all the Byzantine and Greek manuscripts and the Aldine editions in the university library have been found unhurt. Although the cathedral is a mass of ruins, some of the sculptures of the ancient façade and the mosaics from the apse have been saved.

A French archæological mission has made some interesting discoveries in Tangiers, Morocco. During some building operations in the new quarter of that city a Roman necropolis has come to light. In one tomb were found well-preserved frescoes; the subjects are varied—a bird of bright plumage encircled by wreaths, a Roman standing between two horses, a leopard, a peacock, etc. Though several of the tombs show that they have already been at least partly plundered, it is hoped that further discoveries will throw light on Roman civilization in Morocco.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Paul Cornoyer at Powell's, till January 30; portraits by Emil Fuchs and water colors by H. Anthony Dyer, Knoedler's, January 30; paintings, Henry W. Ranger, Macbeth's, February 4; American Society of Miniature Painters, Knoedler's, February 6; paintings by Edward Lind Morse and drawings by William Fuller Curtis, Bonaventure's, February 7; etchings and engravings by Schoengauer, Dürer, and others, Wunderlich & Co.'s, February 15.

The Emperor William has conferred the decoration of the order "Pour le Mérite" on J. S. Sargent, in recognition of his preeminence as a portrait painter.

We have to report the death of several French artists: Auguste Mury of Donzy, who was in his fifty-fifth year, had studied under Rossin and exhibited first in the Salon of 1876; a flower-painter of Lyons, André Perrachon, at the age of eighty; Amédée Besnus, a landscape painter, aged seventy-seven, who lived in Paris; Antony Regnier, aged seventy-two; and Honoré Boze, aged seventy-eight, both of Marseilles.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Horace N. Things Korean: A Collection of Sketches and Anecdotes Missionary and Diplomatic. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.

Atkins, Arthur. Extracts from the Letters with Notes on Painting and Landscape. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Brooke, Henry. The Fool of Quality, or the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. 2 vols. John Lane. $1 net.

Bury, J. B. The Ancient Greek Historians. Macmillan. $2.25.

Chittenden, L. E. Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. Harper. 50 cents net.

Denison, T. S. The Primitive Ayrans of America: Origin of the Aztecs and Kindred Tribes. Chicago: T. S. Denison.

District in the XVIIIth Century, The. History, Site-Strategy, Real Estate Market, Landscape, etc. As Described by the Earliest Travellers. Judd & Detweiler, Inc.

Driesch, Hans. The Science and Philosophy of the Organism. Vol. II. Macmillan. $3 net.

Fow, John H. The True Story of the American Flag. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell. 75 cents.

Gaskell, Elizabeth C. North and South. Henry Frowde.

Greenwood, Grace. Merrie England: Travels, Descriptions, Tales and Historical Sketches. Ginn. 40 cents.

Hall, H. Fielding. One Immortality. Macmillan. $1.50.

Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works in Prose and Verse. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

MacNutt, Francis Augustus. Bartholomew De Las Casas: His Life, Apostolate, and His Writings. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Merwin, Samuel. Drugging a Nation: The Story of China and the Opium Curse. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.

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